

THE LITERARY DIGEST

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE LOSS AND GAIN OF HUGHES

WE could ask for no more convincing evidence of the extent to which Charles E. Hughes has captured the popular imagination in the five short years of his public fight for civic righteousness than is found in the newspaper comments on his acceptance of the seat on the Supreme Court bench left vacant by the death of Justice Brewer. Throughout it all there runs, as the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.) remarks, the thought that it is, in a sense, a waste of good material "to fetter a man of such abounding energy and originality, such obvious capacity for constructive statesmanship, with the shackles of the judiciary." Almost everywhere in the editorial pages, regardless of section or party, the sense of loss seems scarcely less than the sense of gain. "It is hard to say," remarks the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), "whether the event is the more conspicuous for strengthening the judiciary or impoverishing politics." It is a surpassingly great tribute to any man, points out the Cleveland *Leader* (Rep.), "to say that his appointment to a place upon the bench of the highest judicial tribunal in the world strikes his countrymen as in some sense a waste of precious stuff, something less than the fullest and most vital utilizing of a great force for civic righteousness and national well-being." Even while rejoicing that "so just and strong and fearless a man, so rare a combination of the clear brain and the unbending conscience, is to sit in judgment on legal questions which reach, time and again, to the very heart and soul of American national life," *The Leader* joins in the general chorus of regret that we are to lose the inspiration of his commanding figure in the forefront of the battle where we have grown accustomed to seeing it.

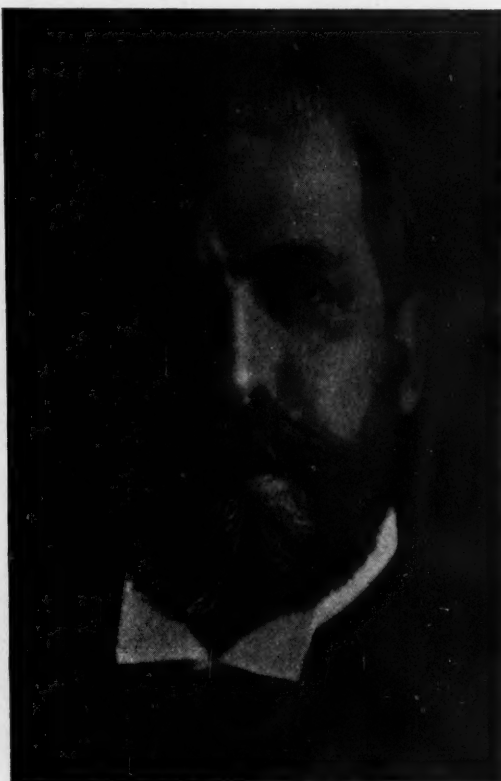
It is generally conceded that the appointment permanently eliminates Mr. Hughes from politics. It is true that he had already

announced his inability to accept a third term as Governor, but his party had nevertheless counted upon him as its most effective campaigner in the fall elections. Moreover, many looked to him as the most promising Presidential timber in sight, if not for 1912, then for 1916. Some of his friends, it is said, still dream of the Presidency for him, but as the Washington *Star* (Ind.) remarks, "public sentiment is opposed to going to the Supreme Court for

a Presidential candidate, and all political aspirations are expected to die under the folds of the black silk gown." President Taft expresses delight at getting in the Supreme Court "a man of affairs" who is only forty-eight years old, and who, "if he retires from service at seventy, will have had twenty-two years of solid usefulness."

Not unnaturally, the sense of loss already spoken of finds strongest expression in the press of New York State. "We fear that in the lifetime of the present generation we shall not look upon his like, as a fighter, again," mourns the New York *Press* (Rep.), which adds that in this instance what is the State's loss is the nation's gain. *The Tribune* (Rep.) consoles itself with the thought that, since he is not going to qualify as associate justice until October 10, he will be able "to discharge all the essential public duties of his second term and to contribute powerfully to the perpetuation in the Republican party of the leadership and ideas which his administration has represented." His removal from Albany to Washington, remarks the Utica *Press* (Ind.), "will be a momentous event for New York, whose politics

is now in a chaotic condition." *The Troy Record* (Ind. Rep.) regrets that "one so exceptionally equipped for the labors the people wish to have performed is to represent them as a judge rather than as an advocate." "He has shown what a good fighter, single-handed and alone, can do; and has set a shining example for those who would follow in his footsteps and fight the battle of civic righteousness," declares the Albany *Times-Union* (Ind.). "We are sorry



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TAKEN FROM THE STATE TO ENRICH THE NATION.

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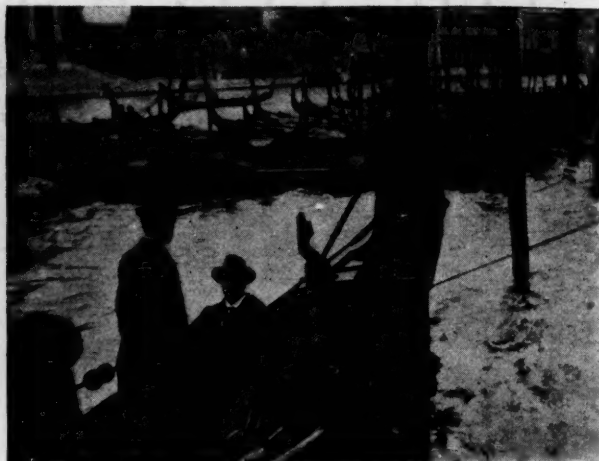
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IN ROME.



IN VENICE.

GLIMPSES OF THE TREAT

that Governor Hughes is to be lost to the State," says the *Utica Observer* (Dem.), which adds: "In his own party his strength amounts to compulsion; in the Democratic party he teaches by example." The *Rochester Union and Advertiser* (Dem.), the *Syracuse Post-Standard* (Rep.), the *Troy Press* (Dem.), the *Troy Times* (Rep.), the *Buffalo Commercial* (Rep.), the *New York Globe* (Rep.), all add their testimony to the fact that the State as well as the Republican party loses in Governor Hughes one of its chief political assets. The *Globe* is convinced that the "Hughes movement" is too vital and too well established to collapse because its leader is called elsewhere, but of this the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) seems less confident. "Already," declares the latter paper, "there are rumors that the bosses, who have been in full retreat since Mr. Hughes's speech at the newspaper correspondents' dinner in Albany, are planning to make another stand." "That so splendid a moral force, so rare an Executive, and so unselfish a patriot should be removed from the sphere of statesmanship," it adds, "appears to us a severe blow to the whole movement for the reform of our political conditions."

The *New York Evening Mail* (Rep.) reminds us that it was as counsel in the Armstrong insurance investigation that Charles E. Hughes first began to loom in the public eye. Within three years he was Governor of his State and its candidate before a Republican National Convention for the Presidency. Says *The Evening Mail*:

"It is the story of a man who used no politicians' arts to win his way, who never played the courtier or the showman to get the people's ear, whose vision was bent with such single-mindedness on the work he had to do, that his fame, growing up around him, must have taken him by surprise, as something which he had neglected to plan for."

"Investigator, propagandist, administrator, and now jurist—the successive steps are significant because they declare the true line of progress in government, and this man's sure progress as citizen and leader. Find out the facts, appeal to the people to support the reforms they call for, put men on guard to execute the law's full intent, and then look to the courts of final resort for an arbitrament that shall reconcile the decisions of the moment with 'the long results of time'—such are the vital processes of a social system that is on the march, instead of merely marking time."

It is clearly the consensus of newspaper opinion that President Taft could not possibly have made a more popular appointment, nor one that would add more strength to the Supreme Court. This appointment, says the *Pittsburg Gazette-Times* (Rep.), "is perhaps the happiest incident of President Taft's tenure in the

White House," and *The Sun* (Ind.), of the same city, heads its editorial on the subject: "Thank you, Mr. Taft." The *Detroit Free Press* (Ind.) thinks that Justice Hughes "will be of more service to the nation in his new capacity than he could be in any other place short of the Presidency." On this point the *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) says:

"Questions of far-reaching moment calling for another Marshall are coming before the Court, and will continue to come before it, testing our written Constitution as it has never been tested before. That the Court needs vigorous, active personalities, men of sound judicial training coupled with a clear understanding of the underlying political forces of the day, is undeniable. It has needed strengthening, needed it so badly that Mr. Taft's exultation on receiving Governor Hughes's acceptance is easy to understand. So keen and trenchant a mind is bound to make itself felt at once; and it is natural to look forward to its exercise, later on, in the Chief Justiceship."

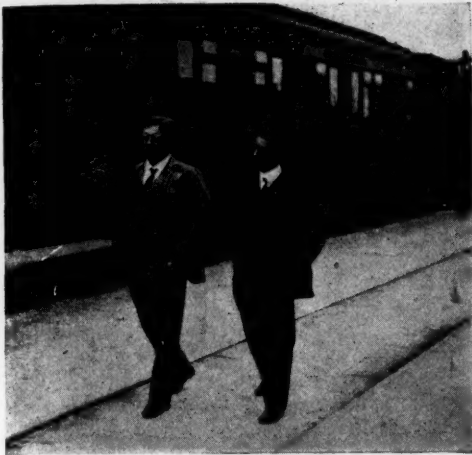
So also in the *New York World* (Dem.) we read:

"He will enter upon an even larger field of usefulness than any he has yet occupied. The power and influence of the United States Supreme Court have increased steadily for more than a century, and must continue to increase as the business of government becomes more complicated and the great constitutional questions presented for adjudication touch more intimately the daily lives of the American people. There is no other branch of the Government in which a man of exceptional force and character and idealism can exert a more permanent influence upon republican institutions."

Specially significant is the comment of the Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.), a paper owned by President Taft's brother. Says this semiofficial organ:

"The country is particularly fortunate that at the present time, with the tremendously important Standard-Oil and Tobacco-Trust cases hanging fire in the Supreme Court, and a big chance that the Justice chosen to take Brewer's place will have the deciding vote in these cases, such a man as the Governor of New York is available for the empty place."

The Springfield *Republican* reminds us that Hughes's acceptance of the Supreme Court justiceship entails a heavy financial sacrifice, as did his acceptance of the governorship. The privilege of fighting the people's battles at Albany is said to have cost him practically all of the small private fortune that he had previously accumulated, and now as a Supreme Court Justice he will receive only \$12,500 a year, whereas from the practise of law he might easily realize an income of \$100,000 or more. Governor Hughes's course, declares a Republican politician, is "one of the finest



EN ROUTE.



IN VIENNA.

EUROPE IS ENJOYING.

examples of self-sacrifice which this age of commercialism has witnessed."

The New York Republican bosses, whose souls have suffered innumerable qualms because of Governor Hughes's disregard of the most sacred traditions of machine politics, are nearly unanimous, as the *New York World* smilingly remarks, in their belief that "Charles E. Hughes is admirably qualified to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and that the sooner he begins the better." One of their number, however, Mr. William Barnes, Jr., frankly characterizes the Governor as "a selfish individualist," who, "having got the Republican party by the ears," is now "willing to retire into the consulting-room of the Supreme Court and let the party work out its salvation in any way it may." He declares, moreover, that the Governor is "an advocate, not a judge; a fighter, not an interpreter," and therefore unsuited for the bench. Almost the only other hostile voices to be heard in the general chorus of tributes to Governor Hughes and of congratulations to President Taft called forth by this appointment are those of W. J. Bryan and of William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst's papers are worried over the Supreme Court outlook, when they recall the Governor's veto of the bill forbidding the railroads of the State to charge more than two cents a mile for carrying passengers, and his recent argument against the proposed income tax. The *New York American*, remembering that the suits against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company are pending, acknowledges a fear that "the natural bias and trend of Governor Hughes's mind is all in favor of the corporate view." Mr. Bryan, in a published interview, also declares the Governor to be "in close sympathy with the exploiting corporations." Moreover, "he is understood to be a close personal friend of Rockefeller." To quote further:

"In 1908 he was the chief defender of the inaction of the Republican party on the trust question. It will be remembered also that he was the first prominent man to oppose the income tax, and his opposition came after Mr. Rockefeller had announced hostility to the income-tax amendment. The corporation attorneys who filed an argument against the income tax with the Albany legislature, presented the same argument that Governor Hughes did, and these corporation attorneys, with Governor Hughes's powerful aid, basely succeeded in preventing the ratification of the amendment by the State of New York. What would he do on the Supreme bench if any question arose affecting the income tax? His speeches show that he feels no hostility toward private monopolies, and there is no reason to doubt that his decisions would be in line with his speeches.

"Governor Hughes exemplifies the individual virtues and naturally demands honesty in the public service, but he is a shining illustration of that peculiar type of citizen developed in this country during the present generation—the citizen who personally opposes vice and is a punisher of small crimes, but shows no indignation at the larger forms of legalized robbery."

MR. ROOSEVELT'S INVASION OF GAUL

THE census enumerator of Oyster Bay, we read in the *New York Tribune*, found the entire Roosevelt family away from home, with nobody left to fill out the blank, so that the Colonel will be omitted from the big national catalog, and the historian of the future, who runs his finger down the list of 90,000,000 names to see who we all were, will miss this eminent citizen, and will not find out who was the "head of the family" in his case, or learn all the other highly important information about him called for by the census. But the sense of void in Oyster Bay was more than made good by a vivid sense of his presence in Paris, we gather from the press dispatches. While the census man was hammering on the Colonel's front door, the Colonel was wielding the hammer at the Sorbonne. Some of the editors had been wondering if Mr. Roosevelt would dare lecture the French on the subject of race-suicide, and he came up to their highest expectations. "The greatest of all curses is the curse of sterility!" he cried, and the *Louisville Herald* thinks that "doubtless not a few in his audience winced as he poured his scorn upon childless matrimony." On the platform with him sat Briand, the Socialist Premier of France, leader of the party that is expelling the Catholics from church, convent, and school, and auctioning off the property at ridiculous prices. So the politician "who appeals to class hatred or class interest, to religious or antireligious prejudice," was denounced, and the illustrious speaker, while admitting that perhaps there might be some good in certain ideas of the Socialists, declares roundly:

"The deadening effect on any race of the adoption of a logical and extreme socialistic system could not be overstated; it would spell sheer destruction; it would produce grosser wrong and outrage, fouler immorality, than any existing system."

Paris is the headquarters of the "internationalists," so the ex-President poured out his scorn upon "the man who says he does not care to be a citizen of any one country because he is a citizen of the world," and declared that such a man "is in very fact usually an exceedingly undesirable citizen of whatever corner of the world



SERGING THINGS.
G.O.P.—"There's another one!"
—Wilder in the *Chicago Record-Herald*.



CHASING RAINBOWS.
—Thorndike in the *Baltimore American*.

NIGHTMARES AND DAY-DREAMS.

he happens at the moment to be in." He flayed the yellow journalists for being guilty of "mendacity, slander, sensationalism, and vapid triviality," and compared them with purveyors of poisoned food, which leads the Quincy (Ill.) *Whig* to remark that "no doubt there were men in that distinguished assembly who had frequently given their writing to such publications," and the same paper thinks that in cynical Paris "possibly there was ever so little of the shrugging of shoulders by polite Frenchmen here and there when he objurgated cynicism."

The Sorbonne lecture was made up of the most characteristic ideas of many addresses and messages Mr. Roosevelt has given in this country, and the newspaper editors seem to find it commonplace; but as the *Troy Record* remarks, "notwithstanding the oldness of its newness, the address of Colonel Roosevelt was suited to the time and the place," and the Paris papers rushed out extras giving the speech in full which were eagerly snapped up and devoured by the Parisian public. Mr. Roosevelt's platitudes are as old as the Ten Commandments, says one editor, but another replies that there are places where the Ten Commandments would come as new ideas. The most widely quoted passage in the address is the one where he sums up his theory of economics:

"My position as regards the moneyed interests can be put in a few words. In every civilized society property rights must be carefully safeguarded. Ordinarily, and in the great majority of cases, human rights and property rights are fundamentally and in the long run identical; but when it clearly appears that there is a real conflict between them, human rights must have the upper hand, for property belongs to man and not man to property."

His speech leads the *Chicago Daily Socialist* to despair of Mr. Roosevelt, and exclaim: "Of such clay are the idols of capitalism!" The capitalist papers scarcely share this view.

The *Baltimore American* treats the address as the sermon of a new Paul in Athens, and says:

"There is always need, there is present need, of this kind of sincere handling of facts, of such declarative eloquence, of such lampooning of the things that are base in order that the things pure and undefiled may be respected and sought for by all men. The spiritual value of human experience and expenditure of time, money, and talent will be lost sight of without such men as the preacher of the Sorbonne to decry the decline of faith, to exalt the spiritual factors in life, to proclaim there is nothing enduring but

the good. By such preaching Mr. Roosevelt becomes the modern Paul, that live wire of the early Church, the man whose every muscle was at tension in his efforts to revolutionize an age, whose labors were manifold, whose sufferings and privations were stupendous, whose successes were such that at the end of life he could say: 'I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith.' Like his moral prototype, Mr. Roosevelt believes in a sound mind in a sound body. Paul declared: 'I keep my body under lest after having preached to others I myself become a castaway.' Mr. Roosevelt believes that life is largely a warfare, and Paul made this his constant theme. 'Put on the whole armor of God and fight the good fight of faith,' was an exhortation of frequent occurrence in his sermons.

"The world will ever hear the man who has the message of a vigorous morality, who uplifts the standard of spirituality over an age that materialism boasts of as its own. There is no theme that can find a readier audience. This kind of preaching should be a homiletic illustration for the men of the pulpits. The preaching of stern and rigorous morality in all human relations, the decrying of sham, hypocrisy, and pretense, the clarion call to the army of the Lord—these are the things that move men."

PROTECTING THE WORKING WOMAN

SOME think it a strange coincidence that the justice who declared unconstitutional an eight-hour law for working women in Illinois fifteen years ago should pass away in Chicago on the very day the same court made his ruling void. Justice Magruder rendered the former decision for the Supreme Court of Illinois in 1895; the new one, which is hailed by the press as another landmark on the road to the economic conservation of womanhood, declares valid a State law limiting to ten hours the working day of women in factories. The present decision, as the *Chicago Record-Herald* points out, is in keeping with the principles that have been enunciated by the courts of other States and by the United States Supreme Court—principles "fully sustained by the facts of human life and by social and industrial as well as legal developments." Fifteen years ago the Illinois court maintained that, as a law arbitrarily limiting the hours of men's work would be an unconstitutional interference with the right of contract, so must be a similar law relating to women. Now, however, the same court declares it to be "known to all men" that women can not,



THE FIRST CENSUS OF THE HOMELESS.

This is the first census to contain the names of the men who sleep on the benches in the city parks. In New York City only about five hundred were found, a much lower figure than was expected. The supervisor says his night's work was an education in human nature. We read in the *New York Globe*: "Mr. Falck was so sympathetic that the night cost him more than he will receive in salary for it. Some of the desperate cases of the old men shivering in the sharp air on hard benches so moved him that he simply had to put his hand in his pocket and slip each enough to make him feel better for a few hours." Mr. Falck is reported as saying: "I was certainly surprised at what I found. Why, do you know nearly ninety per cent. of those we found seemed to be men who had seen much better days—men whose tone and talk indicated plainly that they once had associated with persons of some education and had been in a social status considerably above the lowest. Ten per cent., it seemed to me,—not more than that—were of the rough type."

without lessening their fitness for motherhood, stand on their feet and work for more than ten hours a day. "What we know as men," it adds, "we can not profess to be ignorant of as judges." It therefore declares, speaking through Justice Hand:

"As weakly and sickly women can not be the mothers of vigorous children, it is of the greatest importance to the public that the State take such measures as may be necessary to protect its women from the consequences induced by long, continuous manual labor in those occupations which tend to break them down physically. It would therefore seem obvious that legislation which limits the number of hours which women shall be permitted to work to ten hours in a single day, in such employments as are carried on in mechanical establishments, factories, and laundries, would tend to preserve the health of women and insure the production of vigorous offspring by them and would directly conduce to the health, morals, and general welfare of the public, and that such legislation would fall clearly within the police power of the State."

In contrast to this view the decision of 1895, delivered by Justice Magruder, reads, in part:

"Inasmuch as sex is no bar, under the Constitution and law, to the endowment of woman with the fundamental and inalienable rights of liberty and property, which include the right to make her own contracts, the mere fact of sex will not justify the legislature in putting forth the police power of the State for the purpose of limiting her exercise of those rights, unless the courts are able to see that there is some fair, just, and reasonable connection between such limitation and the public health, safety, or welfare to be secured by it."

In other words, remarks the *Chicago Tribune*, the court has now come to the conclusion that the individual right of free contract can properly be abridged when it comes into conflict with the public interest. Says the *Springfield Republican*:

"The light has been slow in breaking upon the Illinois court, but it seems to have got there at last. It was probably not so much the change in the personnel of the court which explains this change in its position, as the progress of events and the slow effect of the

same upon the angles of vision among judges as well as among the people generally.

"As a similar Oregon law has been held constitutional by the United States Supreme Court, the country would seem to have reached an end of litigation in question of the power of the States to regulate hours of employment for women. Seven States now have such laws which have been accepted as valid, and it is in order for other States to fall into line to the end that those which are the more humane in this particular may not be placed at an industrial disadvantage in competition with the other States."

FOOD PRICES ON THE DOWN GRADE

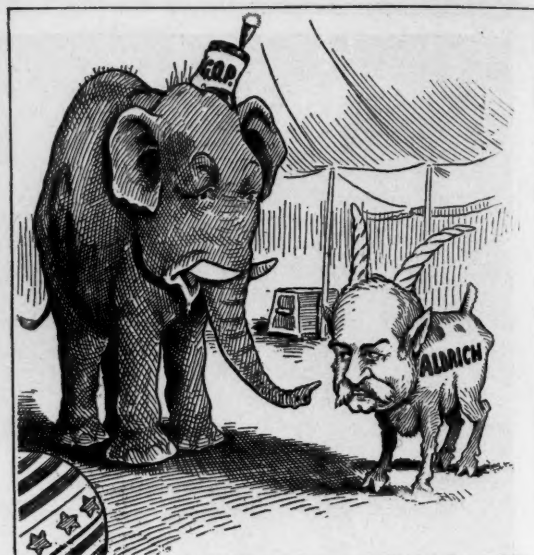
FOR a time at least, predict the editorial observers, the "cost-of-living" problem is destined to press less acutely upon the nerves and pocket-book of the long-suffering "ultimate consumer." Already the wholesale prices of pork, lard, corn, and wheat have struck the down grade, and cursory investigations in New York City indicate that here at least retail prices have begun to follow suit. The East-Side bakers, says *The Evening Mail*, have already increased the size of their loaves without adding to the price, a change which, *The Mail* estimates, will mean a saving of \$5,000 a day to the million persons who buy bread in that neighborhood. Moreover, in spite of the tariff, fresh meat imported from Australia and New Zealand is now underselling the Beef-Trust products in New York by from 2 to 6 cents a pound. And the head of a big New York grocery firm is quoted by *The World* as saying:

"The decline in prices is general and has set in permanently. All grocery products will continue to drop and the high cost of living is at an end. I believe that by the middle of summer food prices will have returned to a normal level. This level might be judged by the prices that prevailed before the financial depression of 1907."

Since April 1, says *The Mail*, what appears to be a general



MR. ALDRICH—"Well, I guess I'll have to be leaving."
—Bradley in the Chicago News.



THE ELEPHANT—"But, if you quit the show, who's to be blamed for everything?"
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.

THE PASSING OF ALDRICH.

liquidating movement has been under way. Thus, in addition to the usual spring decline in all dairy products, it notes a drop of \$2 a barrel in the price of pork, a cent a pound in the price of lard, \$2 a hundred pounds in the price of hogs, 20 cents a bushel in the price of corn, and 35 cents a bushel in the price of wheat. One of the explanations offered was "the outlook for the largest yields ever known of the products entering into food supplies, due in part to the natural desire of producers to take advantage of the high prices ruling, and in part to ideal crop weather promising large returns independent of acreage." Since these words were written, however, frost and storm have smitten the upper portion of the Mississippi drainage basin and the cotton section of the South, doing damage to crops amounting, according to experts on the Chicago Board of Trade, to \$620,000,000. This loss is classified as follows in a Chicago dispatch to the *New York World*:

Cotton	\$225,000,000
Tobacco	50,000,000
Fruits	125,000,000
Vegetables	50,000,000
Wheat	100,000,000
Oats	70,000,000

What effect this storm will have on the price barometer remains to be seen.

We are reminded that the period of abnormally high prices has lasted for two years, and many producers and economists, according to *The Mail*, predict that the downward swing of the pendulum will continue for an equal period of time. Says the same paper in its editorial comment:

"These reductions may be temporary, or they may be the beginning of a long downward dip in food prices. Anyway, they mean relief to the consumer while they last, and President Ring, of the Produce Exchange, thinks they will last a good while.

"At any rate, there is nothing temporary or conjectural about the rise in wages. Every day some railroad or industrial concern employing thousands and scores of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of men, announces a raise of 6, 8, or 10 per cent. One day it is the Pennsylvania Railroad, then the New York Central, then the Lackawanna, then the United States Steel Corporation. Increases like these may get on the first page of the newspapers, but the increases by smaller concerns, to which they set a copy, are hidden away inside, or go unrecorded. The simple fact is that there is a general wage-increase going on all over the country.

"The cost-of-living problem is being met in other ways. The remuneration of labor has been enhanced by the wiping out of un-

employment, by the reentrance into the ranks of paying industry of hundreds of thousands of men, thrown into idleness in the panic of 1907 and the depression of 1908. The sum representing the additional earnings of labor on this score will amount to hundreds of millions.

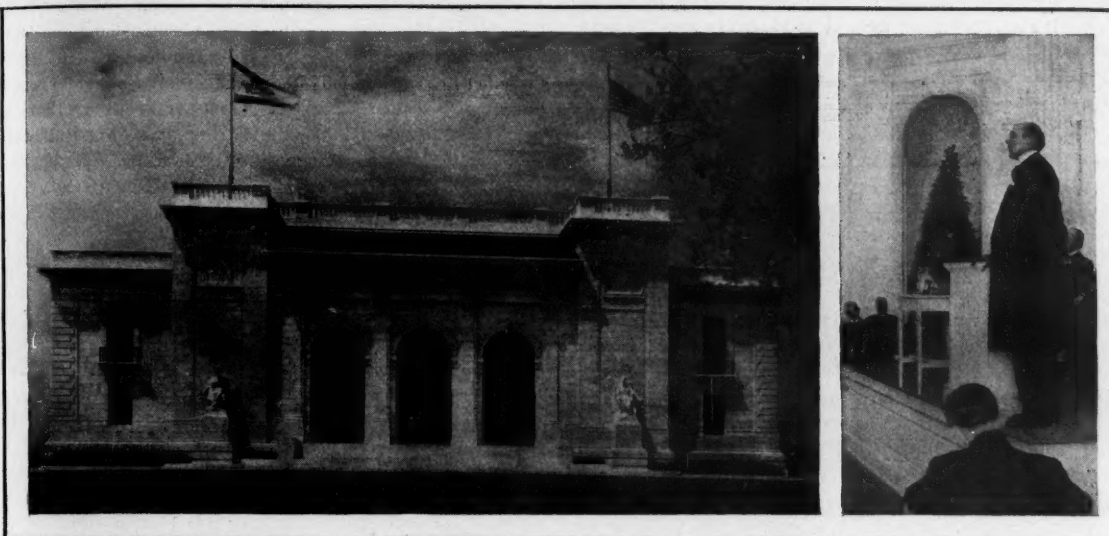
"The sum representing the savings of labor, through the workmen's compensation and accident-insurance plan just announced by the United States Steel Corporation, and through the old-age pension systems recently formulated by several railroads—followed as both policies are sure to be by other concerns—will reach many millions. It is a flank movement, and a fine one, to reduce the cost of living.

"By the operation of the laws of the markets, by the interplay of supply and demand, by the initiative of the workmen, by the policy and humanity of their employers, the grievance embodied in the cost-of-living agitation is really undergoing adjustment. After all, the stars in their courses are not forbidding. Men are neither brutally indifferent nor supinely helpless in the face of profound economic changes, or passing price furies."

Less optimistic is the *New York Call* (Socialist), which believes that "the present crisis in the matter of the food supply is a mild and harmless affair in comparison with what is certain to happen within the next few years, unless we force a radical change in the control and transportation of all foodstuffs." Many economists insist that the amount of gold mined in the immediate future will be the fundamental and deciding factor in price movements. Thus, according to Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, the question "How long will prices continue to decline?" is a problem for the geologist rather than the economist. To quote:

"So long as the world's gold supply continues to increase as it has in the past ten years, prices are unquestionably going to advance all around. The opinion prevails among some of the best geologists that the richest croppings of the world's gold supply have been taken out. That being the case, the work of securing the gold remaining will become more expensive. In other words, unless some other great sources of supply are found, our supply will not be greatly increased in the future.

"But even if that is so, I don't expect to see any immediate drop in commodity prices. I rather expect prices to remain as they are for a year or more, and they may even go a little higher. Altho the gold supply would not become greatly enlarged in the next year to come, it would take some time, possibly a year or more, before it would act on prices. The world's annual production of gold is not like wheat, which disappears in the form of food, but is cumulative. It would take some time for the world to catch up



Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN REPUBLICS AND ITS DIRECTOR.

This building, which has just been dedicated, was erected at a cost of \$1,000,000, Andrew Carnegie furnishing \$750,000, and the rest being made up by contributions from the Latin-American republics. President Taft speaks of Mr. John Barrett, the director of the bureau, as possessing "absolute fitness" for making the bureau a success.

with its present wealth, even tho we experienced a falling-off in the production.

"I would not attempt to predict a decline or increase in prices. It is useless to make such an effort in a matter over which Nature has control. While geologists believe that South Africa has produced the best of its gold wealth—and the same might apply to Alaska—we can not tell when or where other great supplies may come from. For instance, we are told that some day the gold wealth of Russia, which is said to be almost without limit, will come forth.

"At any rate, I can not see, under present conditions, any material scaling-down of prices."

THE "CAPITOL OF AMERICA"

THAT here is the starting-point of a new era of unity and mutual esteem among the nations of the western hemisphere, and another milestone in the path toward world-wide peace, were the optimistic prophecies of the distinguished speakers at the dedication of the building which is to be the home of the International Bureau of American Republics. Nineteen of the world's twenty-four Republics were represented at the dedicatory exercises in Washington on April 26, and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* calls the occasion the greatest rally of democracies ever seen. Speeches were delivered by the President, the Secretary of State, the Mexican Ambassador, Senator Root, and Andrew Carnegie, and the ceremonies were concluded by the planting of the "Peace Tree" in the *patio*, or courtyard of the new Bureau.

Mr. Carnegie, whose contribution of three-fourths of the cost of the million-dollar building made its erection possible, declared that its real mission would be to promote that intimacy among the representatives of different nations which will eventually destroy those mutual suspicions which are, after all, the greatest obstacles to universal peace. He also suggested that, sooner or later, Canada might, with England's consent, join the ranks of the American Republics, "and should she choose to enter our brotherhood she will be ever welcome, and surely such a triumph would bring the entire world to follow."

Secretary Knox who, as *ex-officio* chairman of the governing board of the Bureau, delivered the formal opening address, expressed the "earnest and unselfish purpose of the Government and people of the United States to do all that lies within their power to bring about peace and good-will between the Latin-American Republics."

In a speech which the President called "as perfect in its way as the architecture of this building," Senator Root said in part:

"This building is a confession of faith, a covenant of fraternal duty, a declaration of allegiance to an ideal. . . .

"Long may this structure stand, while within its walls and under the influence of the benign purpose from which it sprang, the habit and the power of self-control, of mutual consideration and kindly judgment, more and more exclude the narrowness and selfishness and prejudice of ignorance and the hasty impulses of supersensitive *amour propre*. May men hereafter come to see that here is set a milestone in the path of American civilization toward the reign of that universal public opinion which shall condemn all who through contentious spirit or greed or selfish ambition or lust for power disturb the public peace, as enemies of the general good of the American Republics."

President Taft pledged his support to Secretary Knox in promoting the solidity of the union between the twenty-one Republics met in joint ownership of the new building. To quote from his speech:

"The Bureau of American Republics was established—or suggested, at least, and carried into being—by that great Secretary of State, James G. Blaine. It has been made most effective by another great Secretary of State, Elihu Root. . . .

"It goes without saying that in the foreign policy of the United States its greatest object is the preservation of peace among the American Republics. And it goes also without saying that the organization of the Bureau of American Republics, and the making of this family of American Republics, are events that tend more than anything else to the preservation of that peace, for we twenty-one Republics can not afford to have any two or any three of us quarrel. We must stop. And Mr. Carnegie and I will not be satisfied until all nineteen of us can intervene by proper measures to suppress a quarrel between any other two."

Editorial comment is largely confined to complimentary references to the good work of Mr. John Barrett and his Bureau, and to felicitating Mr. Carnegie on his munificence. The *New York American*, however, is not alone in pointing to this dedication of a "beautiful and majestic Temple of Peace, joint product of the twenty-one American Republics and of Andrew Carnegie" as a sign of the onward progress of a mighty movement:

"Silently, without ostentation, and almost without any blazon of world applause, the greatest movement of all the centuries is rushing onward to the world's desire.

"It is marvelous, when one thinks what a very tempest of interest is excited by the smallest war or the smallest rumor of war,

that this millennial progress toward the elimination of all war draws small audiences along the way and scarcely stirs the headlines of the newspapers in any land!

"But it is going on all the same. The tranquil head of all peoples is with it. The beleaguered pockets of all taxpayers are behind it, and every right-thinking soul in all countries is praying it Godspeed."

WHAT LIBERIA WANTS

THE real question confronting this country in regard to Liberia, declares the *Washington Post*, is "whether the one American spot in the great Dark Continent is to be obliterated, or whether it is to be preserved as a future gateway for commerce and a center of American influence." A prosperous Liberia, *The Post* goes on to say, would afford "an excellent field for the emigration and enterprise of the negro race in this country, for whom there may in time to come be imperative need of an outlet." The recommendations of the United States Commission, which was sent to Liberia a year ago to investigate the condition and needs of that Republic, have been approved by Secretary Knox and now await the action of Congress. One of the principal facts emphasized by the Commission's report, as summarized in a Washington dispatch to the *New York Times*, is that, prest on one side by the French possessions and on the other side by the English, Liberia "is between two millstones which threaten to grind it off the map unless it has the support of some Power commensurate in strength with Great Britain and France." The sum of the Republic's floating and domestic debts is only \$1,289,000, according to the Commission, while the potential wealth of the country is said to be very great. The commissioners, Messrs. Roland P. Falkner, Emimet J. Scott, and George Sale, submitted the following recommendations to our State Department, which approved and forwarded them to Congress:

- (1) That the United States extend its aid to Liberia in the prompt settlement of pending boundary disputes.
- (2) That the United States enable Liberia to refund its debt by assuming as a guaranty for the payment of obligations under such arrangement the control and collection of the Liberian customs.
- (3) That the United States lend its assistance to the Liberian Government in the reform of its internal finances.
- (4) That the United States lend its aid to Liberia in organizing and drilling an adequate constabulary or frontier police force.
- (5) That the United States establish and maintain a research station in Liberia.
- (6) That the United States reopen the question of establishing a naval coaling-station in Liberia.

If Congress approves, Secretary Knox is ready to negotiate with

Liberia for a treaty to carry out these objects. While admitting that the American impulse is to extend a helping hand, the *Tacoma Ledger* adds that it is a serious question, in the case of Liberia, "whether this can be done without our assuming a greater responsibility than is wise and desirable." Among other papers that sound, with various emphasis, this note of caution, are the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, the *Columbia* (S. C.) *State*, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, the *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*, and the *Detroit Journal*. The two last-named assert unblushingly that the gobbling up of Liberia by France and England would be "a good thing for all concerned." On the other hand, many papers agree with the *Chicago Tribune* that "the rehabilitation of Liberia is a duty the United States can not shirk." Our moral responsibility in the case can not be disputed, thinks the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, while the *Chicago News* reminds us that the African Republic is "the child of the United States," and that sentiment should cause us to aid it. Thus, also, thinks the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, and the *New York Tribune* earnestly hopes "that a way will be found to afford that interesting State some aid and comfort without departing from sound American policy." Says the *Washington Post*, summarizing the history of our African offspring:

"America's guardianship of Liberia is older than the little Republic itself. It dates back to 1820, when the American Colonization Society purchased land from the natives and started a movement of colonization by American negroes. These early efforts were followed by the activities of societies formed for the same purpose in Virginia, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, and Louisiana, whose operations were supported by the Federal Government of the day.

"America's guardianship of Liberia is one policy of the United States which has, for nearly a century, been upheld equally by Democrats and Republicans. Indeed, in 1832 a committee of the House of Representatives recommended that the United States take over Liberia as a colony. In 1847, failing such action, the American holders of the territory set it up as an independent republic. Prior to the Civil War a naval squadron stationed on the west coast of Africa lent aid and assistance to the Liberians in their troubles with the natives. In 1886 the Secretary of the Navy was authorized by Congress to turn over an American gunboat for the use of Liberia. Our treaty of 1862 provides for intervention by the United States when solicited, and from 1880 on the good offices of this Government have been drawn with great frequency into the external difficulties of Liberia.

"Wise action upon these recommendations will be the discharge of a national duty and a contribution to the civilization and development of the vast continent where the United States has taken an insignificant part, but which in years to come is destined to be a great field of commerce and enterprise."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

If silence is really golden Dr. Cook is amassing a fortune.—*Florida Times-Union*.

Up at Albany they speak of them as "the dear dead days beyond" the Statute of Limitations.—*Puck*.

If the price of rubber continues to soar, automobiles may yet be given as a premium with the tires.—*Wall Street Journal*.

PITTSBURG turns to its baseball club as a body of public servants whose honor has never been impeached.—*Washington Star*.

FIRE-INSURANCE men say they paid the money at Albany, but they never knew just what for. Possibly it was only to be in the fashion.—*New York World*.

WOMEN may hiss the President, but their political equality can not be conceded till they demonstrate their willingness to kill the umpire.—*Brooklyn Standard Union*.

THE *Indianapolis News* is issuing daily bulletins on Halley's comet. This is an unworthy effort to divert attention from the Roosevelt stampede.—*Baltimore News*.

It is difficult to believe those Washington dispatches that say that the seven judges on the Supreme Bench were divided equally on the trust cases.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is just a little difficult to figure out whether Colonel Roosevelt is entertaining his European hosts, or is merely being entertained by them.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

How lonely it will be in Europe without Teddy!—*Chicago News*.

THE Railroad Bill in the Senate is traveling on a freight schedule.—*New York World*.

THERE is this real danger in the Halley comet—it may bring the Halley hat.—*Atlanta Journal*.

APPARENTLY the only safe rule in buying antiques is to let the other fellow buy them.—*New York American*.

TALKING about oil paintings, Mr. Rockefeller has never been "done" in oil yet.—*Wall Street Journal*.

THE Grand Old Party seems to be having a little object lesson in downward revision.—*Springfield Republican*.

ALLDS gone; Aldridge gone; Aldrich going. Can the spelling have anything to do with the matter?—*New York Evening Post*.

A NINETEEN-STORY shanty on Nassau Street is to be torn down to make room for a thirty-nine story modern building.—*New York Evening Post*.

AN Egyptian goddess was pawned for only fifty cents in New York. We can now believe all reports of the low state of religious feeling in that city.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

THEY have located a "man higher up" in the Pittsburg scandal. It would be almost impossible to discover one lower down than most of the fellows who have confest.—*Houston Post*.

OUR MANCHURIAN RAILWAY

SOME foreign observers are wondering that so little comment is aroused in this country by a venture that may involve us in the political tangle of Far-Eastern diplomacy and its quarrels.

well as one of the most important highways of commerce and travel between Europe and the Far East, for it affords the shortest route from Europe to Peking and the great marts of commerce in China. The line is, therefore, bound to become a most formidable rival of both the Southern Manchurian railway of Japan and



THE INTERRUPTED BANQUET AT THE "HOTEL MANCHURIA."

The guests hear the rats squealing in the garret, but are annoyed rather than alarmed. What is more serious, however, is the fact that Uncle Sam is jollyng the proprietor into granting him special privileges. —Tokyo Puck

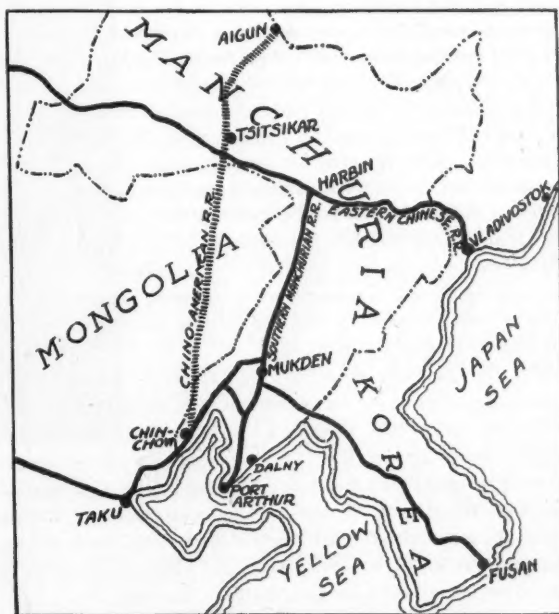
This venture is nothing less than the building of a great railroad across Manchuria to open a highway for American and European commerce into some of the richest regions of Northern China. Japan has given its consent, through the influence of England, to this scheme, and China is to be a partner in it, but Russia declines assent. China, however, claims that Russia has no say in the matter. Instead of involving us in any of the international quarrels brewing in that quarter some of the Japanese press think that everything will be serene, and the Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* declares that henceforth "there is no reason to apprehend that the peace of the Far East will be disturbed by the Manchurian situation."

According to the *Jiji* (Tokyo), the negotiations for the Chinchow-Aigun railway were begun last September between the Viceroy of Manchuria and the representative of a certain American syndicate. But as the negotiations proceeded both the Chinese Court and the American Government took hands in the matter, and the question has since become a political matter between Peking and Washington. As described by Tokyo newspapers, the line, with Chinchow as its starting-point, will tap the northeastern corner of Chili, the metropolitan province of China, and, following the trade routes farther north, will traverse the eastern part of Mongolia until it reenters Manchuria and strikes the Russian railway (the Eastern Chinese railway) near Tsitsikar, the capital of the province of Heilungkiang. From Tsitsikar the line, taking a northeasterly direction, will penetrate the most thinly populated and least developed section of Manchuria until it terminates in Aigun, situated on the Amur River just opposite the Russian town of Blagovestchensk, made infamous by General Gribsky's wholesale slaughter of 5,000 innocent Chinese in 1900. All in all the line will measure at least 1,000 miles.

While the Tsitsikar-Aigun section is of strategical rather than commercial importance, the section between Tsitsikar and Chinchow promises to become the most important trade artery for the produce of the far interior of Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia, as

of the Eastern Chinese railway of Russia, and it is but natural that neither Tokyo nor St. Petersburg should view the American project with sympathetic eyes. Thus we read in the *Yorodzu*:

"Perhaps it may be too far-fetched to regard the Chinchow-



THE RAILWAY RUSSIA OBJECTS TO.

The proposed Chino-American road, shown by the broken line, is expected to interfere seriously with the Eastern Chinese Railroad of Russia and the Southern Manchurian Railroad of Japan. It excels the Russian line by giving a short cut to an ice-free port, and parallels the Japanese road. So it is encountering some diplomatic snags.



SOCIALISM "SHOWING ITS HAND."

A meeting of Socialists in Treptow Park, in Berlin, voting for a resolution of protest against the Government's Franchise Bill.

Tsitsikar section of the projected railway as parallel to the Southern Manchurian railway, such as China is engaged not to construct. It nevertheless is true that in the event of the proposed Chino-American line being built, the trade of Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia, now carried on through the Southern Manchurian railway, will be drawn to that new route, thus curtailing the greater portion of the profit of our Manchurian railway. As for the Eastern Chinese railway, it will become practically useless, for the travelers will naturally prefer the shortest route. But China at first apparently paid but scant respect to the interests of the two nations, and proceeded to mature the plans for the Chinchow-Aigun railway without even sounding the feeling of either Russia or Japan. It was only after England advised Peking to secure the consent of St. Petersburg and Tokyo before carrying the scheme into effect that the Mandarinate approached us with the matter."

It has been apprehended that the Mikado's Government will join hands with the Muscovite Administration in the effort to nip the scheme of the Chino-American railway in the bud, but according to the Japanese press, the Tokyo Administration, upon certain conditions, seems to have given the consent China was asking for. It is also stated that on this particular question there has been no exchange of views between St. Petersburg and Tokyo. The privileges which Japan reserved for herself in agreeing to let China construct the Chinchow-Aigun railway are reported by the *Yorodzu* to be the right to build a road connecting the American line with the Japanese, and the right to participate in the loan for building the railway and to supply some of the materials for construction. Of these conditions Japan attaches the greatest importance to the right to build a connecting line, and we read that our Government has already granted this request.

With the Japanese objection thus removed, will the Chino-American project be put into execution with no further obstacles to contend with? The *Yorodzu's* answer to this question is decidedly pessimistic, for Russia is, in the opinion of this journal, far more reluctant than Japan to acquiesce in the Peking-Washington project. Upon this phase of the question, the *Jiji* thinks that as the alternative to the Chinchow-Aigun line Russia will suggest a railway which, traversing Urga and Kiakhta, will strike the trans-Siberian railway near Lake Baikal. We read:

"Russia asserts that this alternative line, besides being free from strategic objections, is from a commercial point of view preferable to the Aigun line. China, however, refuses to admit the Russian right to veto the Chinchow-Aigun scheme, claiming that the Czar's Government has lost the right she enjoyed under the agreement of

1899 through its failure to protect the railways against Japan."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

SOCIALISM SHOWS ITS HAND

ALTHO the editor of the great Socialist paper *Vorwaerts* (Berlin) has been imprisoned for inciting the Socialists of Berlin to meet at two centers and make a demonstration in favor of universal suffrage for Prussia, the whole German press unite in declaring that the crowds were most orderly, and the only rioters, according to the German cartoonists, were the police. In the paper mentioned above we read:

"At a fixt hour the demonstrators had to be at the local offices at which they are accustomed to pay their weekly subscription to the Socialist funds and to receive information and instruction. Thence they set out in groups of from 50 to 100 men, each under the charge of stewards, who

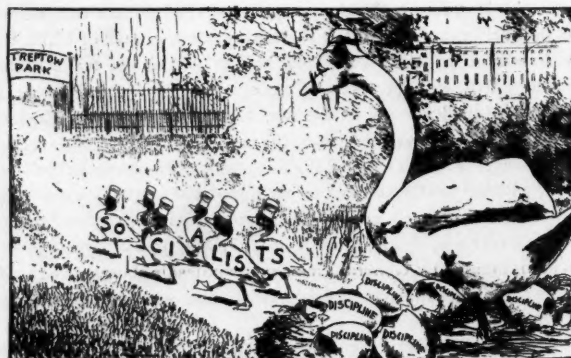
wore red bands on their sleeves. The prefect of police had required that traffic was not to be interrupted and that there should be no procession *en masse*. The first requirement was fulfilled to the letter, the second as far as was possible."

The Berlin correspondent of the *London Times* confirms this editor of the Socialist organ who compliments his readers on their exhibition of "Prussian discipline and obedience." The English editor remarks with regard to Socialist orators and their auditors who made a great show of hands:

"The speeches delivered to the motionless crowds were mostly inaudible. After they had lasted precisely 90 minutes a resolution condemning the Franchise Bill 'as altered for the worse by the Black-Blue Bloc' and pledging all those present 'not to rest until complete equality of all citizens has been achieved in Prussia' was carried by acclamation. After three orderly cheers had been given, the forces were rapidly marched away. Half an hour later the officers of all ranks removed their red sleeve bands and the police resumed their every-day responsibilities."

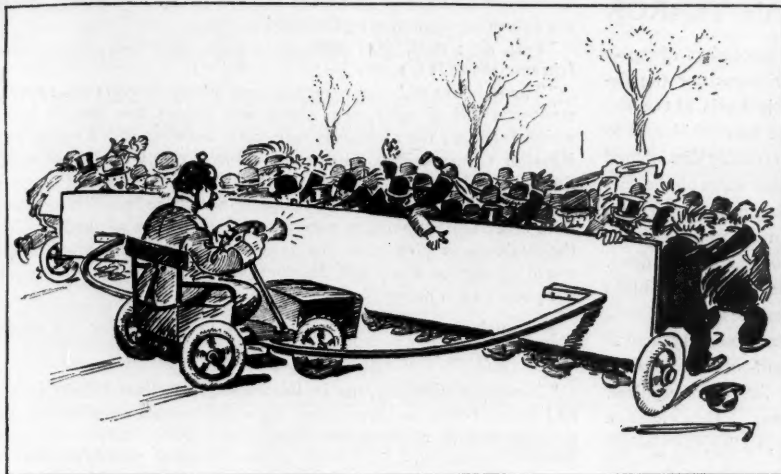
The *London Spectator*, a powerful Liberal organ, also remarks on the quiet behavior of the Socialist crowds in Berlin, speaks of their peacefulness as "almost uncanny," and adds:

"The demonstrators marched quietly away. Their numbers were formidable—100,000 were present in Treptow Park alone—but the political discipline which enabled the Socialist leaders to make good their pledge that their comrades would show Prussian obedience was an even more impressive feature in this unprecedented demonstration."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



A STRANGE BROOD.

WILLIAM—"I can't understand it. The more discipline I use, the worse they come."
—*Amsterdammer.*



A SUGGESTION TO THE BERLIN POLICE.

Why not equip every policeman with a device like this for clearing the streets?

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).



HALLEY'S COMET THE NEXT VICTIM.

BERLIN'S CHIEF OF POLICE.—"Hi, there! No public demonstrations allowed on the Milky Way." —Simplicissimus (Munich).

GERMAN VIEWS OF THE BERLIN POLICE.

UNSOOUND AMERICAN MEAT

THAT tainted and unhealthy meat is sent from America to Europe in large quantities and consumed there is the alarming declaration of Dr. Alfred Leffingwell, late president of the American Humane Association, in his book on "American Meat." The contents is very disquieting reading. The writer tells of unbelievable conditions in the animals slaughtered for the table. The millions of hogs affected with trichinae, which are killed and manufactured into flitches, hams, and sausages, are spoken of as spreading disease and death throughout the world. Since Upton Sinclair wrote his "Jungle" no more appalling picture of trade greed and corruption has ever been painted by the pen of a man who is not a romancer, but a humanitarian and a scientist. Many people have believed that the abuses were ended by the agitation following Mr. Sinclair's exposé, but this book seems to indicate that they still exist.

He charges the law-makers of the land with inadequately protecting the public against the sale and consumption of what is little better than carrion. The inspection of meat, from the shambles to the market, is inadequate, he declares, and he thinks that the law as at present instituted is so formulated as to admit of unwholesome food being sold to the public under the pretext that the officers of the Government have given their sanction to its wholesomeness and soundness. He talks about the "Meat Trust" as representing a body of dealers who are bent on gain without regard to the health of the people. "One can not study the present Government regulations, with their various rulings and decisions, without feeling that every sentence is more favorable to the producers than to the consumers of meat." He demands that "this attitude should be completely reversed." He appeals to public opinion. "Few are the reforms that can be carried out until public opinion is largely in their favor."

England is, of course, one of the largest foreign consumers of American beef, mutton, and pork. It is well known that in Lon-

don or Liverpool American meat is often cheaper than it is in New York. Naturally Mr. Leffingwell's book has roused the press of Great Britain. The London *Times* speaks of it as a very business-like work, "a close examination of the packing-houses, meat inspection, and the relation between various forms of meat and disease." The Manchester *Guardian* is more candid in its utterance, and remarks that "this interesting volume by the late president of

the American Humane Association will not help to promote the confidence of the British public in the purity of American meat."

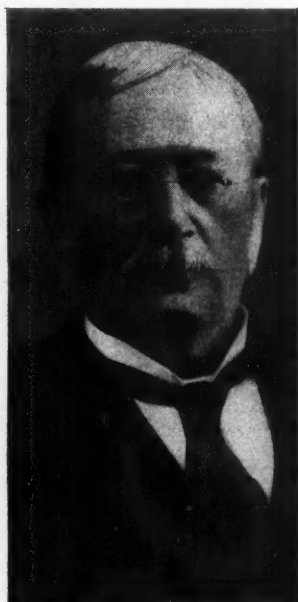
More specific is the comment of *The Farmers' Gazette* (London), which runs as follows:

"From this book it will be seen how much yet remains to be done before even the rudiments of perfection are reached in regard to the packing of American meat. The accusation is not that there is any want of cleanliness in the processes for its production, but that the meat itself may be actually diseased before being made up into its final form for sale. A glance at the table of contents is almost sufficient to induce determination to have nothing to do with any meat supply which is not Irish. . . . The author seems to have investigated his facts carefully, but he enumerates them pitilessly, and his book should be carefully read by all who have anything to do with the food supply of the people."

The greatest of provincial papers in Northern England, the *Yorkshire Post*, speaks of Mr. Leffingwell's book in a calm but determined tone, and we read:

"A soberly reasoned book. . . . The crux of the matter is that the inspection and supervision promised by the United States Government is insufficient, and the regulations give the packers a too wide latitude. . . . He has made out a good case for further inquiry by the United States Government, and it is to be hoped that public opinion, there and here, will demand it."

This opinion is reinforced by that of the *Cooperative News* (London), the organ which represents the interests of the great Army and Navy cooperative stores and shops throughout the country, while the *Christian World* (London) gives its readers the warning that American meat inspection is a farce and adds: "Buy meat that is inspected in England."



DR. ALFRED LEFFINGWELL,

Whose book on American meat is calculated to promote vegetarianism.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE RUSSIAN TERROR

THE Reign of Terror accompanying the somewhat sluggish revolution in Russia has neither the swiftness nor the decisiveness which marked a similar movement in Paris at the end of the eighteenth century. The bloodshed that was incidental to each stage of the Russian crisis has, in fact, gradually diminished and violence has ended in something like apathetic calm on the part both of the Government and the people. This we gather from a pamphlet published by a well-known Russian writer, Professor Jhankoff, and quoted in *The Christian Commonwealth* (London). Dr. Jhankoff declares he has watched the press carefully to obtain the most accurate data; yet his statistics understate the real facts. "They do not give the complete story of Government tyranny." For the past six years, he tells us, the huge death-roll has resulted from four causes. The first is the "pogroms," *i.e.*, the organized plunder by one part of the population on another. This violence is generally engineered by the Government, or by the police-prompted "Black Hundred" against the Jewish communities. The second cause is the fury of bomb-throwing revolutionaries against officials or capitalists. The third cause of mortality is the severity of the courts in passing sentence of death, and the fourth is the wide-spread despair, ending in suicide. The Professor gives the following figures for executions in 1909:

"During the year 1,457 people were condemned to death by court-martial. Of these 582 were reprieved, and terms of imprisonment substituted for the death-penalty; 540 were executed. The fate of the rest is not known."

Of those who were the victims of revolutionary malignity we read:

"The Terror, *i.e.*, attempts on the lives of representatives of the Government and rich capitalists, is gradually declining, a fact which is shown by the following figures of deaths resulting from such methods:

"January, 177; February, 190; March, 155; April, 245; May, 190; June, 216; July, 175; August, 153; September, 145; October, 95; November, 102; December, 86.

"The character of the Terror has completely altered within recent months. It has quite lost its political aspect, and attacks on wealthy autocrats are now made for purposes of robbery and plunder. The victims are generally important men in the financial world rather than leaders of the Government or its officials. There is no doubt that the success, if it may so be called, of the method of political assassination was responsible for the violence which has followed. Only one-quarter of the victims of the Terror in 1909 had any connection with the Government, and most of these were soldiers, policemen, and guards who had taken part in various pogroms."

The Russian pogrom is a peculiar species of revolutionary demonstration and seems to have been animated, we are told, by class-hatred, racial aversion, and a passion for gain in the way of robbery. Dr. Jhankoff says of the pogroms:

"Formerly thousands of people took part in them; now there are never more than a few hundred. The motives behind these events have also changed. They have lost their political, national, and religious aspects; here once again the plundering section of the people have adopted pogroms as a method of robbery and spoliation. Occasionally a family quarrel leads to a small pogrom. The horrible condition of the people, the destitution and unemployment which are so rife are no doubt the cause of this wide-spread violence."

Suicide, however, is one of the saddest features of the Russian revolution, and the disappointment occasioned by the failure of the Douma as a popular assembly has aggravated the condition of the popular mind. Thus we read:

"Suicides and attempts at suicide are fast increasing in number. Of course our statistics show only a small proportion, but the municipal authorities give additional information. In Moscow, attempts at suicide have risen from 594 in 1908 to 675 in 1909. The

increase of suicide is still more evident in St. Petersburg, where the following figures are published:

"1904, 427; 1905, 354; 1906, 532; 1907, 796; 1908, 1,442; 1909 (six months only), 1,191.

"The suicides only decreased in 1905 when the liberation movement was full of optimistic hopes, and before the British loan, which followed the amicable agreement between the English and Russian Governments, had enabled the tyranny to be resumed. Suicides and bloody family tragedies are the most painful features of Russian life at the present time. They are more dangerous than other violent acts, as they reveal internal decay, and remind the students of history of the darkest periods in the story of the world's progress when self-destruction has been common among the people of a nation."

National discontent and unhappiness are pervading the whole of the Russian Empire, declares this writer:

"Generally speaking, life in Russia seems to have lost its value, and that proves we are living under abnormal conditions, and passing through a black period of the nation's history. It is a period of reaction. Five years ago the Russian people seemed to be on the verge of a great national revolution with Liberty as the inspiring watchword of the people. When the first Douma was elected, and over 100 representatives of the workers returned to that Assembly, the whole world believed that the dawn of constitutional freedom had at length come to Russia, but scarcely had the rejoicing of triumph begun, when the Russian Autocracy, replenished by British money, recommenced their system of tyranny. And they have succeeded, for the people's forces are spent, their hopes are dashed to the ground, and it does not seem likely that they will rally again for many years, their disappointment is so keen."

He concludes by giving the following table of revolutionary slaughter during the past five years:

Date.	Executed.	Victims of Pogroms.	Victims of "Terror."	Suicides.	Total.
1905	32	25,505	984	85	26,606
1906	798	4,524	4,262	557	10,141
1907	664	3,698	6,649	1,803	12,814
1908	975	2,006	3,518	3,705	10,204
1909	540	1,685	1,929	4,036	8,170

FEMINISM IN PERSIA—The emancipation of women and the vindication of their position as partakers in the political life of the nation is generally considered a Western, almost an Anglo-Saxon, innovation. There are suffragettes in London and suffragists in New York, but their activities do not seem to have had any marked effect on politics in either country. They break windows in Downing Street and hold assemblies in Madison Square, without affecting the budget, the tariff, the Lords, or the "insurgents." In Persia, however, women have shown themselves to be a real power. They have become a financial power in the State, says the *Croix* (Paris), an able and well-edited organ of the clerical and ultramontane party. Thus the editor tells us:

"At Teheran the women have raised the standard of Nationalism in protestation against any attempt to float a foreign loan. They will have no foreign lenders in the Persian budget. The one who appears to be most violently opposed to borrowing money abroad is the wife of the Armenian Ephrem, prefect of police at Teheran. Mrs. Ephrem has formed a company of Persian women whom she ardently addresses and compels to take oath that they will oppose by every possible means the introduction into Persia of a foreign loan."

We learn from the Persian correspondent of the *Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg) that the Persian ladies are selling their most valuable jewelry in order to fill the public purse, and that delegations of young women press round the public buildings vowing to sacrifice all for the holy cause of patriotism.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

DISEASE FROM POSTAGE-STAMPS

INVESTIGATIONS of the germ-laden condition of much current coin and paper-money, as reported recently in these columns, have a fitting corollary in the discovery, made in England, that postage-stamps are often thickly populated with bacteria. Money is handled, but stamps, in addition, are by many persons moistened with the tongue, which makes their cleanliness a matter of especial interest. "Never lick stamps," says the British experimenter; and we must pronounce his advice sound. Says an editorial writer in *The Daily Mirror* (London, March 28):

"Few people realize that every time they lick a postage-stamp that has been exposed to the atmosphere or handled by other people they are liable to absorb into their systems multitudes of more or less virulent microbes.

"A very distinguished British scientist has just concluded some remarkable tests, specially undertaken for *The Daily Mirror*, to prove his theory that many diseases are frequently so communicated. He bought some stamps at a post-office and placed some of them straightway in tubes, which were put in an incubator.

"Then he exposed the rest of the stamps, gummed side upward, for four hours in a room with an open window on a damp day, afterward similarly testing them.

"Both sets of stamps were found to bear noxious organisms, but the stamps previously exposed to moist air had five times as many as the others.

"'Never lick stamps,' is his advice to *Daily Mirror* readers. He explained that he found in the gum staphylococci, or grape-like clusters, of kinds which under favorable conditions might produce blood-poisoning.

"He also found many bacilli—the majority perfectly harmless, altho others, undoubtedly noxious—which it would take time to identify—could be similarly picked up."

The scientist who made these experiments is quoted as saying:

"These grape-like organisms are blown about in the air, clinging to fragments of dust. They do not go about alone. The dust settles on a stamp, and the organisms go, too, the gum being a hospitable medium.

"There are also five times as many organisms on a stamp that has been handled than otherwise. Fingers are specially likely to impart organisms to the gum because they are always slightly moist, tho they may appear dry. Typhoid and scarlet fever are diseases that appear peculiarly liable to be conveyed by stamps. But it is consoling to remember that some of the most virulent diseases can only be cultivated in media containing blood serum. Contact of the kind described would not convey them.

"Dirty stamp-wetters of the type used in most offices might easily become highly dangerous. They certainly should be more frequently cleaned, and I suggest that every household should keep a flat tin box with a layer of felt for moistening stamps; the felt should be thoroughly soaked with water to which a few drops of glycerin have been added to keep it moist, and a few drops of an antiseptic, such as carbolic, also. Even then, of course, the liquid should be frequently changed.

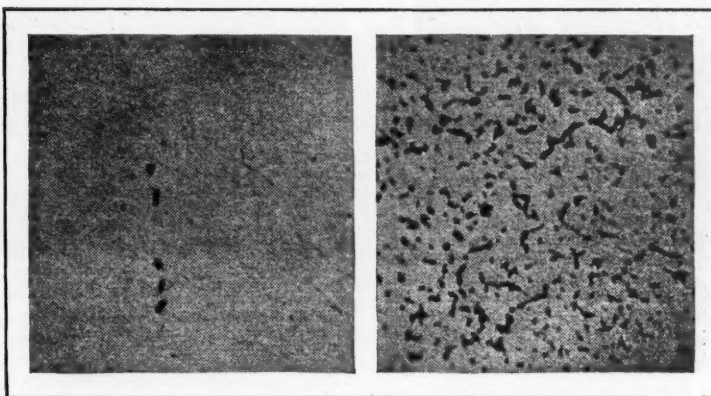
"In forty-eight hours millions of staphylococci and other bacteria can be produced by cultures from a few isolated organisms.

"People often buy single stamps at post-offices and touch them with dirty hands on the counter; organisms are thus left on the counter for the next comer to take up. Always refrain from licking your stamps, therefore."

CANAL-DIGGING BY WATER-POWER

THE most unusual construction work of the year 1910 will be the excavation of a section of the Panama Canal by means of hydraulic jets, says a writer in *The Engineering Record* (New York). He recalls that the hydraulic jet as a means of

excavation first attained prominence in placer-mining in California. The early jets were crude affairs, operated under comparatively small heads, but they proved so efficient that their development ever since the days of '49 has been steady, and hydraulic jetting has now gained wide recognition in civil-engineering work, and its place is being gradually made secure in spite of a few unsuccessful attempts



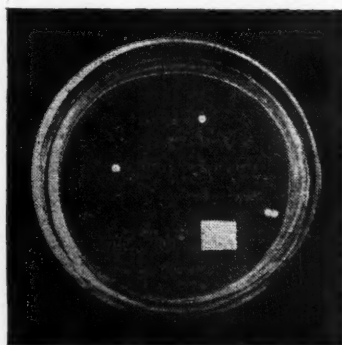
BACTERIA FOUND ON THE BACKS OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.

to use it for work to which it is inapplicable:

"For instance, an irrigation company in the Southwest undertook a couple of years ago to construct a dam by the hydraulic-fill process. After installing an extensive system of canals, monitors, and sluicing-flumes at considerable cost, it was found that the actual expense of placing the material in the dam by this method was excessive, the progress was very slow, and the result, when completed, would probably be unsatisfactory. It was accordingly determined to carry on the work by the dry-fill method, which will be more expeditious and produce a better structure, altho it will probably not result in any less total expense. But where the hydraulic jet is used with materials for which it is suited, and the sluicing problem offers no difficulties, experience in many mines has demonstrated that it is a decidedly economical method of excavation.

"Advantage has accordingly been taken of this fact on the section of the Panama Canal lying immediately south of the Miraflores locks. Here, in a length of about 9,000 feet and a width of 500 feet, it is necessary to remove over 7,800,000 cubic yards of loam containing about 15 per cent. of sand and some gravel, within a period of 18 months. This material has resisted the attack of a suction-

dredge to such a degree that the latter was regarded a failure in it. Steam-shovels could not be concentrated in this limited area satisfactorily. After careful study of all available methods of excavating the material and an examination of what was being done in the Pacific States, it has been decided to install [a hydraulic] plant The pumping-plant furnishing the pressure-water should work very economically, and the Miraflores power-station, which will furnish current for operating the dredging-pumps to discharge the spoil outside the limits of the canal, is a permanent station designed for high efficiency. Under these conditions the hydraulic-jet system of excavation will doubtless receive a thoroughly good



COLONIES OF BACTERIA FROM STAMPS.

Each colony of bacteria seen in this flat glass dish is cultivated from the multiplication of one organism found on a stamp.

trial, and the cost- and time-records of the work will be of unusual interest as data bearing on operations of which little is definitely known."

MOVING PICTURES IN COLOR

THE simplest method of coloring moving pictures would seem to be to apply transparent pigment to the films by hand. This is often done successfully; but the enormous number of separate photographs makes it a laborious task. Recent machines

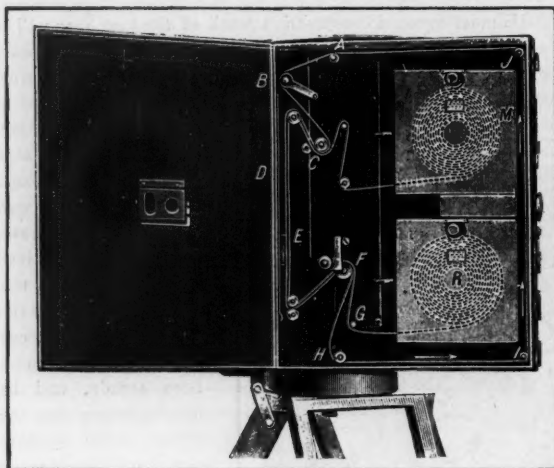


FIG. 1.—THE MACHINE THAT TAKES PICTURES IN THREE COLORS. Inside view of the apparatus, showing the filter-ribbon, A B D H I J; and the sensitive film, M C E F G R.

use pictures taken by the "three-color" process, but instead of taking three different sets of films and superposing them, the pictures corresponding to the three primary colors are alternated in one film. The band is run so rapidly through the apparatus that the colors are blended to the observer's eye and the picture appears in its natural tints. Says Mr. G. Mareschal in a descriptive article contributed to *La Nature* (Paris, March 12):

"Inventors have sought to apply to cinematography the means employed with success in color-photography. It is well known that they are two—both based on the principles of trichromy. One proceeds by juxtaposition with the aid of infinitely small colored points placed side by side . . . ; the other by superposition, with the aid of three transparent images of different colors placed one over the others. The first is the only one used by amateur photographers, but the second, on the other hand, is the only one used in the industries for printing in colors, and it gives perfect results. It is also the only one that can be used with the cinematograph, at least for the moment, owing to the difficulty of manufacture of plates with colored dots and their lack of sensitiveness. . . . Regarding the principle of trichromy by superposition, we shall only note here that it suffices to superpose three pictures of the same object, each of which has been taken through an analyzing filter of a different color and has been then colored to correspond with the filter. As means of superposition we may, among others, use projection on a screen. This is the method utilized in courses of instruction where the synthesis of colors is made as a lecture-experiment.

"By means of three lanterns there are projected on the same screen a blue, a red, and a green picture; as soon as the last falls on the other two, an image is seen clad in all the colors of the original, no matter how varied. It may be understood, then, that if this experiment is made with three cinematographs instead of three ordinary lanterns, there may be obtained a moving picture in natural colors. This sounds simple enough, but it must be remembered that there are great difficulties in practise, so much so that for more than ten years the question has been studied without a satisfactory solution. William Friese-Green, who exhibited interesting results in London as early as 1898, has recently added to

his apparatus some very ingenious devices which, it would seem, ought to bring the final solution considerably nearer.

"To take the negatives, or rather the negative films, he uses filters made of extremely thin celluloid ribbon, in close contact with the emulsion on the sensitive band. He thus avoids all the effects of reflection or refraction that take place on glass filters. The band is divided into sections each having the exact length of an image, and each section is colored in the order red, green, blue, and so on indefinitely. Thus, if this ribbon is perforated and passes behind the object-glass at the same time as the sensitive film, we shall have alternately images corresponding to the three colors used in the three-color process. In order to limit the length of the filter-ribbon, the inventor fastens its ends together, forming an endless band which, guided by pulleys, follows around the interior wall of the apparatus."

As seen in Fig 1, the sensitive film and the filter-ribbon pass the shutter together, and the successive pictures are thus taken through red, green, and blue filters respectively, in groups of three. When the picture is exhibited the same colored ribbon is used and the partial pictures appear on the screen colored red, green, and blue, in order. If the machine is operated swiftly enough, the persistence of vision will give the effect of superposition and the eye will see a single moving picture in its natural colors. To quote further:

"To obtain sufficient rapidity without giving too great speed to the bands, Mr. Friese-Green uses two machines side by side, both for taking the views and for projecting them; he arranges the shutters in such a way that one objective is always open when the other is shut. The filter-ribbon is disposed in each apparatus so as to obtain the succession of colors in the desired order, and a single mechanism controls the motion of the two machines. In the projection-lantern the two objectives are placed side by side (Fig. 2), but the inclination is calculated so as to project the images on the same place on the screen; a single shutter is used by the two objectives and so disposed as to shut one when the other

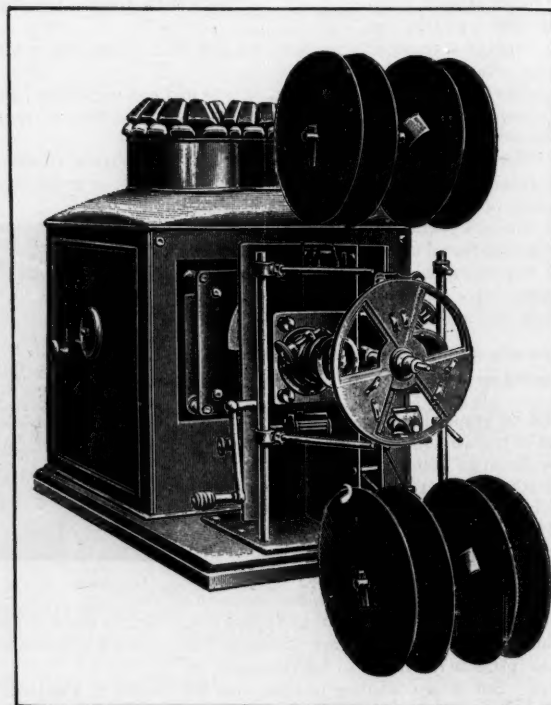


FIG. 2.—DOUBLE LANTERN FOR PROJECTING COLORED MOVING PICTURES. Two bands are used at once, and the two objectives are placed side by side, having a single shutter that always leaves one of them uncovered. This does away with the disagreeable "flickering."

begins to open. There is thus never complete darkness on the screen and flickering is done away with. . . . The inventor thinks that the presence of the two images projected at different angles gives the stereoscopic effect; we do not see exactly why it should.



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A HINDU "BARBER'S CHAIR."

Open-air tonsorial parlors near the Ganges at Benares, showing a sitting posture that "approaches very nearly that habitually taken by apes." The Hindus "sometimes sleep in this attitude."



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JAPANESE CLOISONNÉ WORKERS SEATED ON THEIR FEET.

The Japanese think their diminutive stature is due to this habit of sitting on the floor, and the authorities are trying to persuade the people to adopt our use of the chair.

unless each spectator is provided with some special optical device. But we think that in the cinematograph, even for subjects taken with a single objective, the sensation of relief is often sufficiently present, because generally short-focus objectives are used that exaggerate the importance of the foreground—a condition very favorable to the stereoscopic effect.

"We have already had occasion to examine other systems of color-cinematography based on the same principle as this: one uses only two colors instead of three and gives fairly good results so long as we seek to render only simple color-effects at small speeds. Friese-Green's apparatus seems to give better results from all standpoints and to realize for the moment as complete a solution as possible of the problem of motion-projection in colors."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

HOW YELLOW RACES USE THE FOOT

THAT the foot, with yellow races like the Chinese, Japanese, and Malays, is not only an organ of support and progression but also of prehension or grasping, like the hand, is asserted by Mr. Lannelongue in a recent communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences, printed in *Cosmos* (Paris, March 19). This writer notes in the first place that man's foot, as an essential part of his locomotive apparatus, sustains the weight of his body while he walks, its sole being especially well shaped for adaptation to the inequalities of the ground. In the attitudes of sitting and lying down, the foot has an altogether accessory function, at least in the white race, the instances where it serves for grasping objects being quite exceptional. We read:

"A point of departure for functional transformation of the foot is found in its century-old adaptation to special usages. That it may better respond to its duties, the [European] foot is enclosed in a rigid and narrow shoe holding it mechanically in a form that prevents its functional development. . . . In the Far East, on the contrary, the foot is sometimes naked, . . . sometimes covered only by a forked stocking enabling the introduction of a thong between the first and second toe (Japan), sometimes covered with a stocking in a shoe or a large cloth slipper (China). . . ."

"Let us examine the functional modifications that the foot takes on according to the preceding circumstances, in the two principal attitudes assumed by the human body in the waking state—the crouching and the vertical attitudes.

"The crouching attitude is very frequent in India, Japan, Malaysia, and even in China. It offers three different positions. In one, the most ordinary, the body sits on the heels, . . . in the second it sits on the ground. . . . in the third, it sits on nothing and remains in the air.

"In each of these attitudes the foot is employed differently. Let us take the case where the body sits on the ground. The lower limbs, generally much bent, are placed in front of the body; the knees form an angular protuberance and furnish a resting-point for the arms. This is a favorite position with the Hindus (who sometimes sleep in this attitude), and with the Malays and many negroes. This position approaches very nearly that habitually taken by apes.

"I have seen at Tokyo, in a theater-box, a young man of sixteen to seventeen years sitting with his feet grasping the railing as if they were hands, and then use his right foot to scratch his left thigh and knee; this he did by giving a sidewise motion and a slight rotation to his great toe.

"In a second form of squatting, the trunk rests directly on the heels; this is the familiar attitude of the Japanese at meals and in general when at home. . . . The foot acquires great suppleness and agility, which enable it to endure these attitudes a long time; furthermore, the extreme mobility of the toes, particularly of the great toe, fit these organs to various functions, from those that merely balance the body to those that enable them to grasp objects within their reach."

Lastly, Mr. Lannelongue tells us, there is the squatting attitude where the body rests on nothing at all, but is held in the air several inches above the heels. This is rarer than the other two types; it would appear to be a tiresome posture, tho those who use it do not find it so. In relation to the independence and the mobility of the toes among Orientals, the writer goes on to say:

"I have said that the big toe is separated from the others, but besides this it is able to execute a slight rotatory movement, so that its upper side turns a little downward. . . . The great toe thus

becomes, like the thumb, an organ serving to grasp objects. Even the little toe may also move and rotate slightly; I have noticed this in women who manipulate the paddle on sampans.

"While walking, the natives use their feet to scrape together on the ground, with dexterity and precision, different objects—leaves or fruits; they also pursue and catch mice alive. It is, however, in certain special occupations that the use of the foot is important and renders the workman more skilful. . . .

"On the rivers, streams, or canals, transportation and postal facilities depend on the sampans. Women, as well as men, operate them all day, and the prehensile foot renders their task much easier. Every Chinese postman, lying on his boat, steers with his hands and rows with his feet; he holds the oar strongly between the big toe and the other toes and gives a vigorous motion to the boat by the powerful action of the leg-muscles. . . .

"[With such people] the foot is no longer an exclusive organ serving to support the body. It may, according to the kind of life led by the owner, accommodate itself to other functions and become an organ of prehension like man's hand or mouth, the elephant's trunk, and the American monkey's tail, altho it is infinitely less prehensile than these latter organs.

"Serving as an organ of locomotion, the foot makes walking surer, easier, and, in difficult circumstances, less exposed. As a grasping organ, it gives to its possessor—for example, to this considerable population of fishermen and boatmen—serious advantages in the daily struggle for existence."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

POLICING THE ETHER

UNDER this heading the proposed legislation for the control of wireless telegraphic communication, which has already been noticed at some length in these columns, is discussed by James M. Murdock in *Modern Electrics* (New York). This legislation, if successful, the writer thinks, will provide a rather curious rôle in the future for Uncle Sam. He says:

"It would seem that in addition to patrolling the land with his Army, the sea with his Navy, and the air with his aeroplane experts, he is going to become the policeman of the ether and make the villainous amateur operators behave. Just what weapon he is to be armed with is unknown at the present writing, but it does seem that he will be fully equipped by legislation before he starts on his beat.

"In the good old days, when the ether was free, there were a few seers who predicted that the policing of the ether would come to pass. Now, when the time is at hand, it seems that they were prophets, and, like many others of that clan, they were not believed. So, the amateurs kicked kinks in the ether, in their happy-go-lucky, I-don't-care fashion, scoffing at the prophets and telling them that they were talking in circles. Now, in the days of anticipation of official action, which seems inevitable, the same scoffers are wondering how they are going to fare under the oversight of the new policeman on the beat.

"Assuming that the expected legislation will provide certain penalties for the violation of the commands therein set forth, the interesting problem is this: How is the policeman going to catch the offenders? It seems at first sight a difficult proposition to set a trap to catch somebody who is operating criminally in such an unsubstantial medium as the ether. For example, let us suppose that an amateur wireless fiend is operating his station with a wave greater than that allowed by law. How is the detective going to get to him, if he is doing this in all secrecy and is not at that particular time communicating with anybody? Looks hard, does it not? Or again, suppose that the same fiend is operating without a license from the Government. How is the sleuth to get him?"

The course would probably be somewhat as follows, the writer thinks. To a Government inspector experiments with proper apparatus would show, within a few degrees, the direction from which the waves were coming. Then the inspector, estimating from the strength and general characteristics of the wave the distance from which it came, would go on a still hunt for a likely-looking aerial structure. After one or more of these had been located, the case could be worked up by shadowing, picking up bits of talk from

friends and neighbors, cultivating the friendship of the suspect, and so on. We read further:

"The supposed case above given is extreme, and would probably be a very rare occurrence. Commoner offenses, such as failure to comply with regulations such as required registration and licensing, would be detected even more easily, for the policeman would not have to contend against the secrecy which was necessary in the former case. Any violation of legislation by the ordinary amateur operating near a Government station would be the rankest foolishness. You as an operator are distinguished from other operators by some characteristic of sending. Your wave has its peculiar pitch. Your signals always have earmarks recognizable even tho you never sign your interfering taps. They, the police, can hang a man on the evidence of a thumb-print. As the fellow who gets away and is afterward caught in another suspicious deal, is punished for the first because he carries a thumb which makes a mark like the only evidence left in the first case, you would leave, for the guidance of the policeman, an identification mark, good enough to convict you, after each performance.

"The really interesting part of the problem is in the method of policing the ether which Uncle Sam would adopt. It seems probable that the power of initiating a search for the violator of wireless legislation would be placed in the hands of the Government wireless experts. With their knowledge of the science and the application of common-sense reasoning as applied to the detection of violation of any legislation, the offenders should be speedily brought to justice."

When Uncle Sam starts policing the ether, the writer believes that he ought to have an easy time, for if there is intelligent legislation amateurs will be reasonable. One good in particular, he thinks, may result; namely, the development of secrecy in sending. If this could be attained no legislation at all would be needed. Mr. Murdock concludes:

"Let us hope that the protection which the Government and commercial stations will be afforded by any restrictive legislation will not have the effect of delaying the achievement. Certainly restriction should start the experimenters on the road and perhaps it will result in the much-desired secrecy. Wireless is young yet and the great inventor has not brought forth the acme of wireless. We all have the chance. I hope that the policeman will not chase us out of the business entirely. It will be very much like carrying a weapon anyway. You may get a permit to carry a revolver, if the nature of your occupation is such that you need one. But the policeman on the beat will run you in if you use your revolver without a reasonable cause. We will be permitted to carry on wireless business, if we desire to do so. But we will likewise have to observe the restrictions printed on our permit. If we do not—well, Uncle Sam will be on the beat, and we will explain to him."

ENGLISH INDIFFERENCE TO AERONAUTICS—The lack of interest shown by English engineers in aerial navigation would appear to be as old as the time of Benjamin Franklin, and as strong to-day as then. It was a Frenchman who first flew across the Channel, and another Frenchman won the flight from London to Manchester last week. In a recent book on aviation, reviewed in *Nature* (London, March 31) the author reproduces letters of Franklin to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of London, describing the first balloon ascents in France. One extract from these letters is worth reading at the present day, the reviewer thinks. It runs:

"I am sorry this Experiment is totally neglected in England, where mechanical Genius is so strong. I wish I could see the same Emulation between the two nations as I see between the two Parties here. Your Philosophy seems to be too bashful. In this country we are not so much afraid of being laughed at. If we do a foolish thing we are the first to laugh at it ourselves, and are almost as much pleased with a *Bon Mot* or *Chanson* that ridicules well the Disappointment of a Project, as we might have been with its Success. It does not seem to me a good reason to decline prosecuting a new Experiment which apparently increases the power of Man over Matter, till we can see to what Use that Power may be applied. When we have learnt to manage it, we may hope

some time or other to find Uses for it, as men have done for Magnetism and Electricity, of which the first Experiments were mere Matters of Amusement."

This elicits the following comment from the reviewer:

"How true this all sounds today! In England there does not, we believe, exist at the present time a single prize for any scientific investigation bearing on aerial navigation. Had such a prize existed, the theory of longitudinal and lateral stability could have been disposed of years ago, and aeroplanes could have been built with a clear understanding of their stability or lack of it."

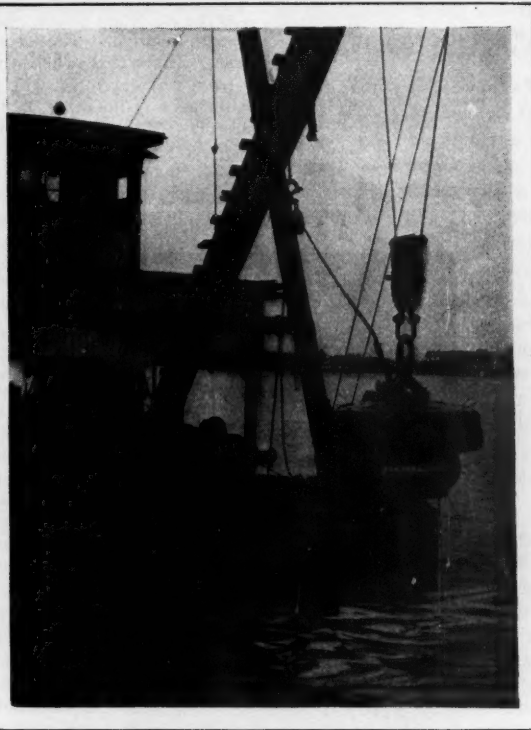
MAGNETIC SALVAGE

THE use of electromagnets for lifting the cargo of a sunken vessel from the bottom of the Mississippi River was briefly noticed in these columns some little time ago. A full account is now available in the pages of *The Iron Age* (New York, April 7), from which we quote the following:

"On February 9 a model barge which had been towed from Pittsburg to New Orleans laden with 1,500 tons of steel products, chiefly wire nails in kegs, and in addition hoops and barbed wire, broke loose from the tug which was landing her at New Orleans, struck the wharf and sank within 30 feet of the docks in 55 feet of water. It was ascertained by divers that the barge at once began slipping into deeper water, as had happened before when similar accidents occurred. The Mississippi at New Orleans reaches, in some places, a depth of 200 feet and has dangerous eddies and 'boils.' Thus, a sunken barge becomes a serious matter. The great volume of water passing down the river scours out the channel, and as the banks are sheer on both sides the eddies and 'boils' tend to carry a sunken barge into deep water. Divers, owing to the action on the heart of such air pressures as are required at the greater depths to counteract the pressure of the water, can not stay down long in water deeper than 75 feet. Lifting-magnets had been suggested, and while at first there was skepticism as to their availability, a plan was finally developed . . . and was first put into execution in raising the cargo shown in the illustration. . . .

"The barge, which was 200 feet long, had broken in two in sinking. One portion was found in 75 feet of water, where the current was not strong, but the remainder had been carried 150 feet from shore, about 40 feet farther down stream, and was in 100 feet of water, with a strong current. The recovery of the cargo from the portion of the barge nearest the shore was not difficult, but the swift current farther out gave the divers considerable trouble. The largest load brought up at one time with the magnet, which is 43 inches in diameter, was five 100-pound kegs of nails, a bundle of hoops weighing 79 pounds, and a bundle of fence wire weighing 155 pounds. When working in a part of the barge well stocked with cargo the magnet averaged about four kegs of nails at a haul. It is stated that in one case a bunch of nails was brought up the exact shape of a keg, but with the keg missing, it having been broken off. In dropping the load, in view of the tendency of the steel to stick even after the current has been turned off, there is a reversal of current in the magnet. The recovered products were naturally rusty and the nails were cleaned in a tumbling barrel containing a quantity of sawdust and soda."

The magnet employed, as the illustration shows, resembles those used in steel-work yards for handling pig iron, billets, and scrap, as recently shown in THE LITERARY DIGEST. It is 43



By courtesy of "The Iron Age," New York.

LIFTING MAGNETS USED TO RAISE SUNKEN WIRE PRODUCTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

inches in diameter and 10 inches high and weighs 3,200 pounds. A special liquid insulator was poured, when hot, into and around the coils as protection against the water, which might otherwise have injured the efficiency of the magnet. On cooling, this material hardened and became water-proof. The supply-wires were heavily rubber-coated, and a rubber garden-hose gave them further protection. To quote again:

"The conditions and requirements of Mississippi River traffic have been studied with much care by Pittsburg steel companies in the past year or two. The plans for the use of all-steel barges in this trade were noted in these columns some time ago. For all-steel cargoes, instead of the mixt cargoes which have been more common in Mississippi River traffic, it has been considered that the all-steel barge is better suited than the wooden barge. In case of breaking loose from the towboat and striking a sand bar or bridge, as has happened with wooden barges, the all-steel barge is naturally much less liable to be stove in and sunk. Its longer life is also an important factor compensating for increased cost. Furthermore, the possibilities of increased salvage now opened up by the use of the lifting-magnet have given the recent performance at the Lafayette street docks at New Orleans special interest and significance in the effort to reduce to a minimum the losses incident to river transportation."

STERILIZATION BY ULTRAVIOLET RAYS—Milk is now being sterilized in Paris without the use of heat or chemicals, by submitting it to the action of ultraviolet rays, transmitted through quartz. This bactericidal effect of the rays has long been known and is easily applied to water; an apparatus is used in Paris which sterilizes 132 gallons of water an hour by this process. But as milk is very opaque to the rays, it was only after much trouble that its sterilization was successfully accomplished. *Cosmos*, published in Paris, describes the process:

"Pure water is easily traversed by the ultraviolet rays. On the other hand, considerable difficulty has been found in applying the bactericidal action of these radiations to certain other liquids, which it has been possible to sterilize in this way only by acting upon them in very thin layers with quartz lamps. Mr. Gabriel Vallet has attempted to ascertain the rôle played by each one of a large variety of substances, in the absorption of the ultraviolet rays."

"The source of light was a quartz mercury-vapor lamp. . . . The liquids were first contaminated with an emulsion containing *Bacillus coli* and then exposed for one minute at about one inch from the lamp, in a thickness of $\frac{1}{16}$ inch. . . .

"Between the numerous substances studied there are notable differences in regard to their penetrability by the rays. Some, such as ethylic alcohol, glycerin, and many saline solutions, are easily traversed; others, such as albumin, peptone, and oil are strongly opaque. Again, it is probable that when mixt to form a compound they add their effects. This, at least, would seem to follow from the following demonstration: An artificial medium containing peptone, glucose, cream of tartar, and water could not be sterilized under ordinary conditions, altho each of the substances entering into its composition is quite far from the limit at which its solvent becomes opaque."—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.

MARK TWAIN'S RELIGIOUS BOOK

IT has just come to light that Mark Twain was the author of a serious book on religion, the work of the best years of his life, committed to paper twelve years ago and published five years ago privately, almost secretly, under an assumed name. He seemed to fear that it would be made a matter of laughter and ridicule, we read, so he had his publishers print only 250 copies, and sent them around to people he wanted to have own them. The *New York Tribune* says he was "discouraged because the world always wanted to make a joke of whatever he wrote or spoke," so he took this method of putting his thoughts before them, in order that "if the identity of the author ever leaked out in his lifetime there would be nothing on which to establish proof." The book has an unsigned prefatory note which reads as follows:

"February, 1905. The studies for these papers were begun twenty-five or twenty-seven years ago. The papers were written seven years ago. I have examined them once or twice per year since and found them satisfactory. I have just examined them again, and am still satisfied that they speak the truth.

"Every thought in them has been thought (and accepted as unassailable truth) by millions upon millions of men—and concealed, kept private. Why did they not speak out? Because they dreaded (and could not bear) the disapproval of the people around them. Why have I not published? The same reason has restrained me, I think. I can find no other."

The book, we are told, was written at odd times between 1880 and 1906. It sets forth in the form of a dialog between a Young Man and an Old Man "its author's notions of the inner springs of human character." Midway in this volume of 140 pages is a list of the principal religious faiths of the world. And upon this the Old Man remarks:

"That list of sects is not a record of studies, searchings, seekings after light; it mainly (and sarcastically) indicates what association can do. If you know a man's nationality you can come within a split hair of guessing the complexion of his religion: English, Protestant; American, ditto; Spanish, Frenchman, Irishman, Italian, South American, Austrian, Roman Catholic; Russian, Greek Catholic; Turk, Mohammedan, and so on. And when you know the man's religious complexion you know what sort of religious books he reads when he wants some more light and what sort of books he avoids, lest by accident he get more light than he wants. In America if you know which party collar a voter wears you know what his associations are and how he came by his politics and which breed of newspapers he reads to get light, and which breed he diligently avoids, and which breed of mass-meetings he attends in order to broaden his political knowledge, and which breed of mass-meetings he does not attend, except to refute its doctrines with brickbats. We are always hearing of people who are around seeking after truth. I have never seen a (permanent) specimen. I think he has never lived. But I have seen several entirely sincere people who thought they were (permanent) seekers after truth. They sought diligently, persistently, carefully, cautiously, profoundly, with perfect honesty and nicely adjusted judgment—until they believed that without doubt or question they had found the truth. That was the end of the search. The man spent the rest of his life hunting up shingles wherewith to protect his truth from the weather. If he was seeking after political truth he found it in one or another of the hundred political gospels which govern men in the earth; if he was seeking after the only true re-

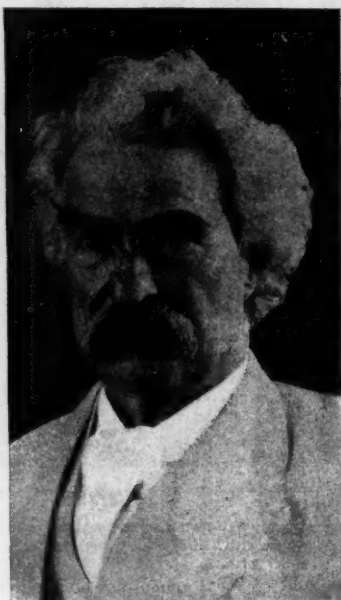
ligion he found it in one or another of the 3,000 that are in the market. In any case, when he found the truth he sought no farther; but from that day forth, with his soldering-iron in one hand and his bludgeon in the other, he tinkered its leaks and reasoned with objectors. There have been innumerable temporary seekers after truth—have you ever heard of a permanent one? In the very nature of man such a person is impossible. However, to drop back to the text—training: all training is one form or another of outside influence, and association is the largest part of it. A man is never anything but what his outside influences have made him. They train him downward or they train him upward—but they train him; they are at work upon him all the time."

At the close of the discussion between these two supposititious characters the Old Man observes: "Beliefs are acquirements; temperaments are born. Beliefs are subject to change; nothing whatever can change temperament." But the Young Man objects that "extreme temperaments" have been instanced, and the Old Man replies:

"Yes. The half-dozen others are modifications of the extremes. But the law is the same. Where the temperament is two-thirds happy, or two-thirds unhappy, no political or religious beliefs can change the proportions. The vast majority of temperaments are pretty equally balanced; the intensities are absent, and this enables a nation to accommodate itself to its political and religious circumstances and like them, be satisfied with them, at last prefer them. Nations do not think, they only feel. They get their feelings at second-hand through their temperaments, not their brains. A nation can be brought—by force of circumstances, not argument—to reconcile itself to any kind of government or religion that can be devised; in time it will fit itself to the required conditions; later, it will prefer them, and will fiercely fight for them. As instances, you have all history: the Greeks, the Romans, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Russians, the Germans, the French, the English, the Spanish, the Americans, the South Americans, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Hindus, the Turks—a thousand wild and tame religions, every kind of government that can be thought of, from tiger to house-cat, each nation knowing that it has the only true religion and the only sane system of government, each despising all the others, each an ass and not suspecting it, each proud of its fancied supremacy, each perfectly sure it is the pet of God, each with undoubting confidence summoning him to take command in time of war, each surprized when he goes over to the enemy, but by habit able to excuse it and resume compliments—in a word, the whole human race content, always content, persistently content, indestructibly content, happy, thankful, proud, no matter what its religion is, nor whether its master be tiger or house-cat. Am I stating facts? You know I am. Is the human race cheerful? You know 't is. Considering what it can stand, and be happy, you do me too much honor when you think that I can place before it a system of plain cold facts that can take the cheerfulness out of it. Nothing can do that. Everything has been tried. Without success. I beg you not to be troubled."

The Outlook observes that it can easily be shown that Mark Twain "more often than not had a serious purpose in his writing":

"Sometimes that purpose was to hold up to contempt despicable or sordid actions or traits of character; sometimes it was to teach affirmatively and aggressively principles of fairness, truth, kindness, and generosity. Mark Twain's influence never tended toward meanness, snobbery, or ostentation. More also than most writers with a popular following, he established in his books and sketches a feeling of personal friendliness, almost intimacy, with men of all sorts; his works are on the shelf of professor and mechanic."



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A MODEST RELIGIOUS AUTHOR,

Who wrote one religious book which he published privately, committing his friends to keeping with him the secret of the authorship.

WORK OF THE MISSIONS IN EDUCATING INDIA

ANY one who has studied the history of Turkey for some years past is well aware of the part played by Christian missions and their schools in elevating the tone of society and preparing the people for a higher degree of political enlightenment and liberty. The same sort of work appears to be going on in India. This is at least the opinion of Prof. Ernest D. Burton, of the University of Chicago, who has recently been traveling in Hindustan for the express purpose of examining its educational institutions as conducted by Christian missionaries. He speaks dispassionately in *The American Journal of Theology* (Chicago) of the work in the following measured terms:

"Missionary education as carried on in India has its elements both of weakness and of strength. It was originally developed in India as in other countries as an adjunct to missionary work conducted from a purely religious point of view. The early missionaries were, as a matter of course, men zealous to carry the Christian religion to India and to win converts to it. Education was adopted as a necessary means to the achievement of their principal aim, and often with some reluctance. Moreover, more than once there has swept over the missionaries and the managers of the missionary societies at home a wave of doubt as to the legitimacy of a missionary society conducting educational work at all. Still further, the means at the disposal of the missionary societies have always been limited. There has always been a necessary competition, financially speaking, between evangelistic work and educational work.

"Despite these handicaps missionary schools have increased in number and efficiency. There are to-day 46 colleges conducted by foreign missionary societies, some 260 secondary schools, besides large numbers of elementary schools. According to the latest available statistics 169,000 young people from the Indian Christian community are in school. Relatively to the size of the two communities, over four times as many Christians are in school as Hindus. Of the wisdom of the educational policy there is no longer any doubt on the part of the missionaries. Experience has abundantly proved that those bodies which have given large attention to education have achieved the largest results, while every board which has yielded to the antieducation sentiment has had reason most seriously to regret it."

People in India, Europeans as well as natives, are all beginning to recognize the aims and acknowledge the ideals of the European college, pursues this writer, who gives us the following opinion of his own:

"The Christian college has its distinct function and place in the educational system, and in that place is indispensable. Any comparison between India and America that treats the non-Christian colleges as the analogue of the State universities is wholly misleading, because of the differences between the two groups of institutions and the different position of Christianity in the two countries. The State university is surrounded by Christian churches and Christian homes; the students come largely from Christian homes. Many of the professors unhesitatingly throw their influence on the side of personal religion. In India the Government college is surrounded by non-Christian influences, the students come from non-Christian homes; the professors are practically under bonds to exert no religious influence; and their moral influence is almost exclusively that of their personal character. Out of the State universities of America may come the men to make a strong Christian community, but scarcely out of the Government or native colleges of India. To close the Christian colleges would be to strip Christianity of its strongest instrument for self-development and to set back the tide of moral progress in India indefinitely."

The Christian college has also been the first to acknowledge the fact that women as well as men in India require and deserve the privileges of a good education. This has been one of the most important social innovations which the missionary has introduced into Asia. As Professor Burton remarks:

"The education of women opens a field of special opportunity to the missionary bodies. In India as everywhere the influence

of the mother is the first that the child feels, and for years the strongest. To lift up women is to elevate the home, and to elevate the home is to purify the nation. Indians themselves recognize this fact. In the words of a Hindu gentleman who has devoted much time and money to the development of native education, 'India can not make progress if the women remain uneducated.' That there is need of education for women is evident from the fact that only one woman in 140 in India can read and write. No one who has visited the Christian schools of India and noted the contrast on the one hand between the faces of the girls of the upper forms and those of pupils of the lower forms, and on the other between the former and girls of the same age seen on the streets can doubt that in the education of women Christian missionaries have found a field of eminent usefulness. In one respect indeed the education of women has an advantage over that of men. Women are not office-seekers. Their education is in this respect less calculated than that of men to promote unrest and discontent. Rightly conducted it elevates and purifies the life of the nation at the sources of that life, the home. This end should be constantly kept in view, and sought both directly in the influences of the school upon the pupils and indirectly in the training of teachers who shall themselves conduct schools adapted to its achievement."

TO WATCH THE PICTURE SHOWS

THE moving-picture shows have had a great many good words spoken in their behalf as cheap, harmless, and educative amusements. But a Cincinnati religious paper now thinks they "need watching." This journal, *The Western Christian Advocate*, declares on the testimony of the superintendent of the probation officers connected with the juvenile court of Cincinnati that "juvenile delinquency has increased alarmingly in that city—50 per cent. he would estimate—since the multiplication of the cheap moving-picture shows." This indictment does not put all the nickelodeons under the ban of reprobation, but only such of them as lay themselves open in a manner like this:

"We lately saw a series of pictures to which the proprietor directed our specific attention as being particularly high-class. But they showed abandoned women, apartments in a house of ill-repute, gamblers at their games, the suicide of a prostitute, the hold-ups of highwaymen, and so on. And all of this the exhibitor claimed was teaching a high moral lesson! This show was in a suburban village. But many of them that crowd each other in the heart of the city are much worse—as bad as they can be and escape the penalties of the law. The worst plays of the tenderloin are reproduced, and boys and girls—who, because of the small admittance fee, are the chief patrons of these exhibitions—become familiarized with every form of vice and violence. Juvenile criminals have repeatedly confessed that they received their first suggestions of robbery, house-breaking, safe-cracking, etc., from what they had seen on the screens.

"Not only are such pictures themselves depraving, but for innocent boys and girls to be drawn into the associations likely to be found in such places, and to be out on the streets during the night hours, is not conducive to their best moral development. There are all sorts of dangers and temptations in that direction. Physicians, too, warn us that many of the nickelodeons are distinctly unsanitary, being closed in and threatening tuberculosis because of dust, sputum, foul air, and lack of ventilation."

This journal proceeds with a proposal for a form of censorship, and ends with the recital of one form of parental complaisance:

"In some towns the Mothers' Meeting has taken action, and appointed a committee to visit the nickelodeons and report on the character of the pictures. This is an excellent procedure. The proprietor, we think, would be susceptible to argument and pressure from the side of public opinion, and the next set of films he ordered or received would be pretty sure to pass muster on the score of respectability. We are told that there are some people who adopt a curious form of reasoning, and because the entertainment is cheap imagine there is no possibility of harm in it! If it were a question of a regular theater with a 50-cent admission, they might hesitate to let their children go—but 'just a 10-cent thing,' why, of course, that can't be very bad!"

MR. HAMMERSTEIN OUT

NO one is saying that the end of the opera war is not honorable surrender. Mr. Hammerstein quits; yielding not so much to his foes, it seems, as to the mutinous friends within his own house. Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who conducted the legal transactions which convey Mr. Hammerstein's operatic properties and contracts with singers and musicians to the Metropolitan Opera Company, told a New York *Sun* representative that "the exactions of the artists, musicians, and others brought about by the rivalry between the two opera-houses have grown almost beyond control and have been the occasion of such advancing prices that notwithstanding the generous patronage accorded by the public, each of the houses has been face to face with a deficiency." It is represented that the "interests of the opera-going public" demand that these exactions shall be kept within bounds unless we are to be deprived of opera, and the only way to accomplish that purpose is to have one opera-house instead of two. Mr. Hammerstein's son, Arthur, is responsible for the statement that his father receives more than \$2,000,000 from the Metropolitan Opera Company, and retains only the opera-house in Thirty-fourth Street, which may be turned into a music-hall. The new moves on the operatic chess-board consequent upon these momentous changes are thus given by *The Sun*:

"The full significance of the transaction becomes plain only when it is known that Mr. Stotesbury, who has been the most generous supporter of Mr. Hammerstein's Philadelphia enterprise, has been added to the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and that the future Philadelphia performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company will be given in the Philadelphia Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein three years ago. Besides the fourteen performances given there by the Metropolitan Opera Company, there will be a ten weeks' season by the company from the Chicago Opera House, which will be opened next season for only ten weeks and not twenty as originally planned."

What the old opera-house gets and what it will do with its acquisitions are here set forth:

"The Metropolitan Opera Company acquires not only the scenery and costumes used at the Philadelphia Opera House and at the Manhattan Opera House here, but it acquires the rights to 'Louise,' 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' 'Thais,' and all the composers' rights to the French operas on which it has cast envious glances ever since these operas were introduced here by Oscar Hammerstein. 'The Tales of Hoffmann' is public property, but there are a number of works in the Massenet repertory that the Metropolitan will be delighted to produce. Whether or not it will take on Mr. Hammerstein's rights to the operas of Richard Strauss is not so certain."

"Then some of the most popular of the Hammerstein singers have been acquired by the company which, under the management of Andreas Dippel, is to sing in Chicago and Philadelphia. Among these are Maurice Renaud, Charles Dalmores, Luisa Tetrazzini, and some of the principal artists who have appeared at the Manhattan Opera House. They will appear chiefly in Philadelphia and Chicago, also it is by no means certain that they will

not also sing at the Metropolitan Opera House from time to time. Cleofonte Campanini, who has been engaged for some months to conduct in Chicago and Philadelphia, will have the chief artists of the Hammerstein company again under his control. Whether or not Mary Garden will return seems to be uncertain, as she had separated from Mr. Hammerstein definitely before she left for Europe."

The man who has been the best newspaper subject for the past four years is characterized by the New York *Journal* as "a pianist, a violinist, a linguist, a wit, and a philosopher." He started out as a cigar-maker, says the New York *Times*, and afterward revolutionized the manufacture of cigars with mechanical inventions. The income derived from these is said to be the basis and mainstay of his fortune. Theater-building has been his pastime, as this list shows:

"He first built the Harlem Opera House. Then he added the Columbus Theater, the Harlem Music Hall, the first Manhattan Opera House, which afterward became Koster & Bial's; the Olympia, in which he lost a fortune, and which is now the New York Theater, the Criterion, and the New York Roof combined; the Victoria, the Republic (which has become Belasco's), and the Hackett."

The "Manhattan" House did not witness his first experiments in grand opera. He had tried to give German opera with no less a star than Lili Lehmann long ago in his Harlem Opera-House days. In 1891 he was one of the producers of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and in 1893 he brought out at the "Manhattan Opera House" that evolved into "Koster & Bial's," Moszkowski's "Boabdil." But his real career began in 1906, and his fortunes will be reviewed with interest. *The Sun* prints this:

"He began his first season on December 3, 1906, with the performance of 'Puritani,' which had not been heard in New York for years. His most notable artists in his first season were Bonci, Maurice Renaud, Charles Dalmores, and Charles Glibert. But it was through Madame Melba, who returned to the New York operatic stage after an absence of six years and sang twelve times, that he came through the season without the great loss that had been expected. Emma Calvé came back that year and sang for him, and the second season of his success was due to his foresight in making liberal selections from the French operatic repertoire, which the Metropolitan Opera House had neglected for years. Mary Garden's dramatic skill and her beauty met with wide-spread popular recognition, and from the time she appeared in 'Louise' there was some degree of financial success for the theater, which was greatly increased when Luisa Tetrazzini, who had suddenly blazed into success in London, was brought over. Just before the production of 'Louise,' however, Mr. Hammerstein was known to be in financial hot water. Then 'Pelléas et Mélisande' had several very profitable performances."

"In the mean time the Philadelphia Opera House had been built, and that was a great drain on the courageous manager's resources. The third season had its financial success in the growing popularity of 'Thais,' the continued favor the public showed to 'The Tales of Hoffmann,' and the first production of 'Salome' in French. It was really Strauss's opera that brought the season to such success that Mr. Hammerstein said for the first time at the close of that



MR. HAMMERSTEIN AND MME. TETRAZZINI.

The former retires from the operatic field with two millions and plentiful experience.

season that he had made some money; 'not very much,' he was careful to observe, but some, which was more than he had ever boasted before.

"In the last season there have been many indications that things were not going well from the financial point of view. Musical enterprises of every kind have suffered greatly. Indifference to the performances of his artists in New York led Mr. Hammerstein to send them on the road, with the result that he declared after their return that no other tours would ever be attempted. Strauss's 'Elektra' did not make the success he had contemplated, altho he was called upon to pay large sums in advance for the rights of the work. When he left New York, however, Mr. Hammerstein had given no intimation of his intention to retire from the operatic field, and in his father's absence all negotiations have been conducted by Arthur Hammerstein with Mr. Stotesbury and the gentlemen of the Metropolitan Opera Company, with whom Mr. Stotesbury has become associated.

"The removal of Mr. Hammerstein from the operatic field has succeeded in creating an absolute monopoly for the Metropolitan Opera Company, with its branches in Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, of which New York is the center of operations."

GERMANY'S COLD SHOULDER TO AMERICAN ART

IT has sometimes been remarked that the reigning family of Germany do not represent the German Empire, but rather represent themselves. Cases in point would seem to be furnished in a rather sturdy protest against an American artistic invasion put up by the German press and people in face of marked approval shown for American pictures, American opera, and American singers by the Emperor and the Crown Prince. Late in March an exhibition of pictures by American artists was opened in Berlin under the supervision of Mr. Hugo Reisinger, the German-American banker who organized the exhibit of German art held in America last year. The Kaiser went to see the Berlin show, say dispatches, "inspected every picture critically, and expressed particular admiration for the landscapes of American artists." The Crown Prince went also and looked with interest on the pictures of things and scenes American. But the critics were harder to please. When they are tempted to express themselves at all, they show themselves disappointed that our art is so little national. The art critic of the *Kreuz Zeitung* (Berlin) observes that "the Americans are still dependent on European, and especially on French, art for their training." The great majority of these pictures, he says, might have been produced anywhere. The critic of the *Kaiserliche Zeitung* (Berlin) "hoped to see something exclusively American and found only mediocre specimens of drawing-room art." The critic of the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Berlin) observes that the importance of this exhibition is derived from a few names, such as Sargent, Whistler, Melchers, Chase, Pennell, Stewart, Harrison, McCameron, and Hamilton. At this moment public attention naturally turns to Gari Melchers's portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, and this critic sees the work "painted with all the vehemence of Americanism."

But while the art critics are coldly polite, the music critics are blatantly abusive over Mr. Arthur Nevin's "Poia," sung in the Royal Opera House on April 23. At the end of the performance, we are informed, "the auditorium rocked with the most remarkable counter-demonstration of approval and disapproval a Berlin première has ever evoked." The American contingent fulfilled their duty in expressing patriotic pride, but the German element were

not behind them in raising a storm of hisses. "Poia" is the opera on an Indian theme, which was treated in *THE LITERARY DIGEST* for July 10, 1909. The libretto is by Mr. Randolph Hartley, founded on the Indian studies of Mr. Walter McClintock. A Berlin dispatch to the *New York Times* states this:

"No onslaught in all the past history of savage musical and dramatic criticism in Berlin has ever excelled in downright abuse and violence the treatment accorded to Arthur Nevin's American



THE CROWN PRINCE AT THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

The Royal Family seem to be about the only enthusiastic admirers of American pictures in Berlin. Some of the pictures are reproduced on the following pages.

grand-opera 'Poia,' produced at the Royal Opera last night. The unanimity of the intemperate comment leaves no doubt that it, as well as last night's hissing, was intended primarily as a concerted demonstration against the 'Americanization' of the Kaiser's operatic stage, and only incidentally as condemnation of the first American opera introduced in Europe.

"The permanent employment of six Americans in stellar positions at the leading German Court opera has long rankled in local breasts, and the Kaiser has for the past six years been under constant fire for 'introducing international politics into operatic affairs.' The acceptance of an American opera for the royal stage, after a hearing had been refused to modern German composers with the exception of Strauss, simply added insult to injury.

"The omniscient Berlin critics and a large section of the public have long hankered after an opportunity to vent their pent-up spleen. Making the fullest allowance for the admitted shortcomings of Mr. Nevin's work, no other conclusion is possible after reading the billingsgate heaped upon American art in general by to-day's Berlin newspapers.

"Mr. Nevin and the librettist, Mr. Hartley, find consolation in the fact that pronounced successes have been scored in Berlin despite attacks by the local critics. . . . Richard Strauss has always enjoyed their disfavor, and it was a foregone conclusion that no 'mere American' could ever escape it."

The *New York Sun* attempts this explanation of the apparent unpopularity of American singers who invade not only Berlin but other German cities, especially Baireuth, "where they are in greater favor with Mme. Cosima Wagner than with the audiences":

"The truth seems to be that the invasion of Europe by American singers is as yet unpopular chiefly because it is a novelty. Italian singers have predominated in Italy, French in France, and German in Germany, except in the cases of some distinguished stars, who have made passing visits. To find American singers engaged as permanent members of their companies is something to which Europeans have not yet become accustomed."



PRESIDENT TAFT.
By Robert McCameron.



MOTHER AND CHILD.
By William Morris Hunt.

SOME OF THE PICTURES BY WHICH THE

NARROWING WAGNER'S NICHE

THE worship of Wagner is passing into a new phase. It is not less appreciative of real values, Mr. H. T. Parker shows us, but it is no longer blind to shortcomings that the last generation of worshipers failed to discover or treated only as qualities to exalt. The new generation, asserts Mr. Parker in the Boston *Transcript*, is persuaded through its increasing familiarity with Wagner's music-dramas, that "he was no poet except in music and no dramatist save in tones." Neither is he "social reformer, theoretical revolutionist, thinker, teacher, or any other of the fantastic figures that he liked to fancy dwelt under the velvet cap of Richard Wagner." There will evidently be much for the devotees to surrender, according to what is here put under ban:

"Bulky Teutonic volumes set him forth in one or another of these capacities. Seriously or ironically, some one, perhaps it was Mr. Shaw, has drawn a whole social philosophy from the 'Ring' operas and even adjusted poor *Fafner*, most enduring of 'wurms,' to the French Revolution. Wagner himself had such a Gladstonian ability for self-persuasion that he could believe that he was thinking of Schopenhauer's metaphysics when he was writing the burningly erotic pages of the love-music in 'Tristan,' and that he was constructing some sort of ethical philosophy in the mystical and shimmering raptures of the Grail music in 'Parsifal.' No one but a few duty-ridden commentators and fossilized devotees heed these things nowadays. Wagner, the musician, has absorbed every other aspect of the remarkable genius who believed himself almost as many-sided as Shakespeare unconsciously was. Wagner's music, and not his 'poetry,' his drama, his philosophizings, teachings, or theories, now, and almost alone, sways and holds his hearers."

Columns and pages have been written, Mr. Parker goes on to say, explaining and applauding Wagner's texts as so much "poetry"

or as so much "drama." But, he irreverently asserts, "the texts themselves correct the error and excess of such admiration." Further:

"Imagine *Siegmund's* 'Love-Song' in the first act of 'Die Walküre,' or *Sachs's* monologue at his door in the second act of 'Die Meistersinger'—passages in which he truly approaches toward poetic expression in word—reprinted in an anthology of German verse, and what discerning reader would match them with even the 'specimens' of the secondary and the tertiary poets that such a volume would include. Again, strip 'Die Meistersinger,' or 'Tannhäuser,' or 'Götterdämmerung' each of its music and consider their texts as actable dramas, as the texts of 'Madama Butterfly,' or 'Louise,' or 'Boris Godunoff' are measurably actable in themselves, and who could sit enduringly under them? Presumably there is an Inferno for writers about music, and there it may be the fate of the overzealous, who have done Wagner more harm than good, to see—and hear—'Das Rheingold' or 'Siegfried' acted as a play. Traverse Wagner's texts, again stripped of their music, episode by episode, choose from them incidents of thrilling and searching dramatic appeal in the actual hearing of the opera—the parting of *Wotan* and *Brünnhilde*, for example, or the scene between *Siegfried* and the awakened Valkyr, or the coming of *Isolde's* ship to *Tristan's* castle—and the drama that so stirs us as we watch and listen lies a little in the naked situation that a mere scenario might have yielded, and for the rest altogether in the music. Drama, intrinsically, from Sophocles to Somerset Maugham, concerns itself with human beings and engrosses or amuses its auditors by its human appeal. In the long list of Wagner's personages, who are human outside the Nuremberg folk of his one lyric comedy, *Daland* and *Erik* in the early 'Flying Dutchman,' *Kurwenal* and the shepherd in 'Tristan,' the King in 'Lohengrin,' and the Landgrave and his Knights in 'Tannhäuser'? The personages of the 'Ring' operas, celestial, earthly, or subterranean, are more remote from human experience and sympathy than are those of Greek tragedy. The world of the Grail and Parsifal is as misty



PLAYING PATIENCE.
By Frank W. Benson.



HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL.
By James McNeill Whistler.

GERMANS ARE NOW JUDGING OF OUR ART.

and mystical as any land of Maeterlinck. *Tristan and Isolde* are superhuman. Only *Tannhäuser*, embodying and sublimating the everlasting human conflict of the flesh and the spirit, seems born of a true dramatic poet."

Wagner was primarily a musician; and, as Mr. Parker presents the case, only deceived himself when "in theory he preached, in sincerity he believed, that the particular drama should condition the music that was to enforce and illuminate it":

"When, however, he set about the actual writing of this music, the composer's genius, the composer's will, that at such times mastered all other impulses in him, inevitably came uppermost, and the musical design and substance often conditioned and determined the course of the drama. From 'Lohengrin,' through 'Parsifal,' Wagner's operas are very long, and the dramatic movement is exceeding slow. At every opportunity, especially in the 'Ring' operas, one or another personage pauses to comment, to reflect, to expatiate.

"The reason for these things, or rather the irresistible impulse toward them, is clear. Wagner, the mighty composer, surged with music. Until the years of 'Parsifal,' his fecundity and vitality seemed inexhaustible. Recall the mere volume of puissant and tireless music between the *Dutchman's* landing and *Brünnhilde's* immolation. Write music he must by the sheer force of his genius, and accordingly he gave his texts the fullest possible musical investiture; he retarded the pace of his dramas that he might have the more opportunity for the development of his musical design; and he amplified passages of comment and reflection and dwelt upon them that he might enjoy the fuller occasions for musical expatiation. Wagner might have been a German pedagogue preparing a thesis in his desire to leave nothing unsaid that his text, and still more his seething mind and fired spirit, suggested to him. He must express everything, and sometimes almost repeat everything; he had a passion for musical exactitude that is at the opposite pole to the musical suggestion dear

to the new generation of composers and auditors; the faults of his musical rhetoric are pleonasm and even tautology. Yet this passionate prolixity nurtured a passionate, if too ample, music."

A LIBRARIAN'S VIEWS—Three odd things are set forth by a St. Louis librarian. One is that Germans read more than Irish, another that tramps do not like to climb stairs, and the third is that Mr. Carnegie has not tried to advertise himself in his gifts to free libraries.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* finds these things in a new volume called "The American Public Library," by Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, head of the public library in St. Louis. His comparison of reading-habits of different nationalities is based on his observations in St. Louis and in New York, where he was lately chief of the circulation department of the public library. He writes:

"The Irish do not care to read as much as Germans do. It is difficult to induce the Latin races, even those who are readers, to use a public library; while the Teutonic races seek out the library for themselves."

The newspaper reading-room presents a trying problem, but is solvable. Thus:

"In a reading-room of this kind, the library often has trouble in excluding the 'tramp' element—rough, and often dirty persons, who come to lounge or rest, perhaps to sleep, rarely to read; and who often occupy seats to the exclusion of legitimate or actual readers.

"In libraries where the newspaper reading-room is somewhat inaccessible, there is little annoyance of this kind. In most of the branch libraries of New York, where the reading-room generally occupies the third story, it is almost entirely absent. Persons

willing to climb to the third story are those who are genuinely desirous of reading."

Here are some notable statements about Mr. Carnegie's gifts:

"His donations to libraries now (January 1, 1910) amount to \$53,473,153, distributed among 2,094 institutions. . . . Such gifts (conditioned on the support of the recipients) have been regarded in all sorts of ways, some persons looking on them as no gifts at all, and others as the only appropriate form of donation.

"Mr. Carnegie's donations have also been looked upon as prompted solely by egotism and desire for self-advertisement. It should be noted that none of them have been accompanied by any stipulation or request that the donor shall be commemorated in any way, or even that his name shall be inscribed on the building. The name, 'Carnegie libraries,' is a popular one, and rarely official.

"Boards of trustees, of course, frequently and properly put up tablets or inscriptions to the effect that the library building was erected with funds given by Andrew Carnegie, but the donor has never encouraged such a practise. . . . Mr. Carnegie has certainly received ample advertisement from the public, but he has done nothing to favor it; and it is rather difficult to see how a man could give away an amount equivalent to a dozen large fortunes without attracting some public notice."

BJÖRNSON, "HALF CHIEFTAIN, HALF POET"

BJÖRNSON was one of the few writers who have proved the power of the drama for moral reform, and he proved it past all doubt or denial, we are told in the notices now appearing after his recent death in Paris. In his play called "The Bankrupt," for example, he exposed the paucity of honor in the financial world so vividly that the wife of a secret defaulter fainted when she saw on the stage the character of her husband. Another spectator, a speculating banker, was so wrought up by the play that on the following day he announced his bankruptcy. In his play called "A Glove," Björnson pleaded for equal standards in the morals of the sexes, and followed up his teachings by a missionary tour of the villages where he lectured on chastity, exalting virtue and personal purity as a law of the heart and an institution of society. It is said that his lectures led to improved moral conditions in various places.

Björnson's death carries away the last of the great Norwegian triad. Grieg and Ibsen preceded him into the shadows but a few years, and now the northern peninsula is bereft of all its "grand old men." It is being remarked that Björnson was more various in his interests and touched life on more sides than these other of his compatriots; perhaps for this reason he figures larger at home than abroad. The English and French world knew him first as a writer, then he grew into prominence in the political field, a fact, says the *New York Sun*, that made his literary works better known and caused them to be more widely read. In early life he and Ibsen were friends, then estrangement followed, but this was healed in later years, and sealed by the marriage of Björnson's daughter to Ibsen's son. In early life Björnson wrote plays and followed journalism. He championed the Norwegian race and genius and the restoration of the native tongue to its pristine integrity. This effort was made in face of Danish and German encroachments. *The Sun* continues its interesting account:

"He organized public lectures in furtherance of Norwegian art, and he became manager of theaters in Bergen and Christiania. He accepted at first the theological views of Grundtvig's elementary Christianity, fought for religion and morality; later, after a

tour of study in Denmark, Italy, France, and Germany, and acquainting himself with the thought of Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Taine, and others through their works, his writings took a Darwinian and psychological tinge, and he entered politics as a social reformer, became prominent in the election campaigns, was eloquent in addressing the people, and in 1870 came out for a union of Norway with France. Later he led the National Radical party, and once wanted Norway to become an independent republic. In 1905 he came out for the election of a king as a properly republican scheme of government. Whether in his early rural novels and heroic dramas or his later books, plays, and songs, the critics found always grandeur, beauty, and charm."

Björnson was born in December, 1832, at Kvikne, Oesterdalen, Norway, where his father was pastor of a small church. His early interest in Bible stories and the fascination that the legends of his country held for him gave a marked trend to his later work. *The Sun* adds these words of comment upon his principal works:

"It has been said of him: 'His ballads and greater lyrical compositions, of which "Bergliot" is the most exquisite, had the sparkle of the frost, the ring of the Erlking, while his songs of the fatherland have become national songs.' His dramas covered questions of politics and religion, domestic relations and social conditions. He satirized the press in 'The Editor,' attacked the institution of monarchy in 'The King.' . . .

"In later years some of his rugged edges of antagonism were less noticeable than in his early fighting days, with regard to some of his ultra positions, but he liked a combat always. Some years ago when it was reported that, tired of the political ferment for which he was largely responsible, he had determined to go and live in Munich, he wrote: 'I shall live right here in Norway—I shall thrash and be thrashed in Norway—I shall win and die in Norway—of this you can be sure.'

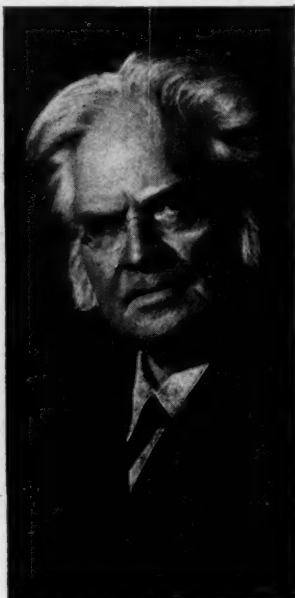
"All the same, ever since 1882 he lived much in Paris, Rome, and the Tyrol, spending his summers on his Norwegian farm, Aulestad. He spoke English, French, German, and Italian. He received the Nobel prize for literature in 1903."

It is safe to say, observes the *Springfield Republican*, "that he never wrote from a trivial purpose or with a depressing idea." It quotes with approval this estimate from George Brandes, the Danish critic:

"By nature Björnson is half chieftain, half poet, combining in his personality these two most striking figures of ancient Norway, the chief and the skald. By turn of thought he is half tribune, half lay preacher, his public utterances being distinguished by a combination of the political and the religious earnestness of his countrymen, and this in a more marked degree after than before his secession from orthodoxy. Since his apostasy he has been more markedly the missionary, the reformer."

In these few sentences, this paper comments, "one obtains the conviction of Björnson's perfect national genius—the genius that has arisen in the political and civic life of Norway." Further:

"For there is that side of the poet and the novelist—he was the patriot; active in awakening the old national vigor of Norway in new conditions, he was a leader of the people, forcible and masterly. He was a leader in the separation of Norway from Sweden, departing on the democratic ground, out of the aristocratic traditions. He was a strong orator, full of appeal, stirring the people; one of them, side by side, and sharing their own legendary lore and domestic traditions. His relations with the King of Sweden, whom personally he liked, were such that thirty years ago he had to leave Norway for expressing his republican sentiments in a poetic address to King Oscar, for he would have been put in prison for *lèse-majesté* had he not escaped. He made his home in Germany, and traveled widely, visiting this country for a year or so."



THE "VICTOR HUGO OF THE NORTH."

So Björnson was long ago called by a French critic. "He never wrote from a trivial purpose or with a depressing idea."

Abbey, Henry. *The Dream of Love—A Mystery* 16mo, pp. 94. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

Balmer, Edwin and MacHarg, William. *The Achievements of Luther Trant.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 365. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Banerjee, S. B. *Tales of Bengal.* Edited by Francis Henry Skrine. 12mo, pp. 187. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Bower, B. M. (B. M. Sinclair). *The Happy Family.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 330. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Brasted, Fred. *The Gang. A Story of the Middle West.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 320. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. \$1.25.

Brewster, Edwin Tenney. *Swimming.* 12mo, pp. 96. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1 net.

This is a very useful and clever little book which every one who tempts the sea ought to possess. The work will be particularly useful to those who teach swimming to others. The frontispiece presents a remarkable picture of Miss Annette Kellerman.

Bruce, Wm. Geo. *School Architecture. A Handy Manual for the Use of Architects and School Authorities.* 16mo, pp. 285. Illustrated. Milwaukee: Johnson Service Co.

Buchanan, James. *The Works of.* Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore. Volume XI. 1866-68. 8vo, pp. xxii-516. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *Tinsel and Gold.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 351. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Campbell, Rev. T. J. *Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710. Volume II.—Among the Hurons.* 12mo, pp. 411. New York: America Press, 32 Washington Square.

Father Campbell has done well to continue, in a second volume, the record set forth in his first dealing with the heroic labors of Catholic priests, mainly Jesuits, in North America in the years immediately subsequent to the first settlement. In his first volume he set forth the labors of these devoted men among the Iroquois of Central New York. That was a moving and memorable story, already made familiar to thousands of readers through Parkman, but it has been much amplified as to details and circumstances by Father Campbell. The present volume deals with Catholic missionaries among the Hurons, who were settled chiefly in villages north of Lake Erie and east of Georgian Bay. Their work, in the main, was earlier than the work done in central New York.

The pioneer among the Hurons was Le Caron, a Recollect, who began in 1615. Others, and these became more famous in the work, were Brébeuf, the Lalements (Jerome and Gabriel), Le Moyne, and Bressani. The Huron mission, altho its term of life was only thirty-five years, became most fruitful. It came to an end from causes independent of the zeal of the missionaries. The Iroquois, deadly enemies of the Hurons, fought them in most aggressive ways, and at last made them prac-

tically an extinct people. The Hurons had been selected as a field for labor soon after Champlain's visit to them in the winter subsequent to his defeat in Western New York. Because of their remoteness from white people, and the fact that they lived in well-protected villages, they were thought to offer an inviting field for missionaries. Such, indeed, they became. The results accomplished among them in ten years, Father Campbell says, "have scarcely a parallel in missionary annals." Thousands "became excellent Christians and not a few were distinguished by lives of exalted virtue." But all this was accomplished at the cost of terrible suffering on the part of the missionaries, men often of gentle European birth, training, and culture. Many were subjected to the most horrible of tortures, and some met death in frightful ways as indicated in the composite picture printed below.

When the Hurons were finally dispersed, several missionaries who had survived in the work around Georgian Bay labored in central New York. Among these were Le Moyne, Bressani, and Jogues. Of Jogues' life much is already known to general readers. His martyrdom among the Mohawks, and the memorial maintained by his order on its site under the devoted ministrations of Father John J. Wynne, are familiar.

Canby, Henry Seidel. *The Short Story in English.* 12mo, pp. 385. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Cawein, Madison. *New Poems.* 16mo, pp. 247. London: Grant Richards, 7 Carlton Street.

clever hands the book might become merely the cynical protest of a pessimist, but Mr. Churchill has succeeded in throwing into welcome relief against his sordid background those finer, redeeming traits of character that not only may exist amid uncongenial surroundings, but may be developed because of them. Honora Leflingwell, a St. Louis girl, who has just completed a term at a fashionable Eastern boarding-school, contracts an unfortunate marriage in an effort to obtain riches and social recognition. Judged by her girlish standards, Peter Erwin, her childhood friend, is not to be thought of as a possible husband, and only after years of misery and disillusionment does she realize his mental and moral greatness. She makes the common mistake of hunting afar for the best in life when it is close at hand. Except that the author clears the way rather too obviously for Honora's final happiness, the book is a strong, well-written, suggestive piece of work.

Comfort, Will Levington. *Routledge Rides Alone.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 310. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

Cox, Marian. *The Crowds and the Veiled Woman.* Pp. 413. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.50.

This is as unique a piece of literature as has found its way into print for some time. Stamped with a daring unconventionality of thought, it carries one along despite himself, and refuses to be read or dismissed lightly. In it the intellect and soul are at the same time held up for merciless analysis and poetic interpretation.

Much of the book is in dialog form, consisting of conversations between a modern philosopher and his protégé Gaspard, a young artist with a brilliant future ahead of him. The most profound themes are exploited, the purpose of which is to render Gaspard "a hermit of the crowds" and not "an unfulfilled ego" like the great bulk of mankind. The older man carefully surrounds his pupil with those influences that make for the perfect development of the mind and soul, refusing to sanction his mingling with the crowds until he can use people instead of being molded by them. His first painting, while it calls forth favorable comment, fails of being a master-

piece, because it reveals the artist's soul but not that of his subject. In "the veiled woman," who has been mysteriously rescued from a nunnery by Gaspard's benefactor, the artist is given an adequate study. She has been protected from the rude gaze of the public and is hardly conscious of her own body and soul. The love of Gaspard's teacher and the art of the pupil are both brought to bear to awaken the human and the divine in their subject. The development of her soul,



MISSIONARY MARTYRS AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.
A composite picture, illustrating methods of torture and death employed in the seventeenth century. See review of Father Campbell's "Pioneer Priests."

Churchill, Winston. *A Modern Chronicle.* Pp. 524. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"A Modern Chronicle" is a study of American social life and lacks the political atmosphere of Mr. Churchill's more recent novels. In it our national characteristics are grasped understandingly and held up for merciless analysis. The love of money and misuse of wealth, the divorce evil, the unrest of the so-called smart set, purposeless living—all these undesirable tendencies are given due prominence. In less

succeeded by the more insistent unfolding of earthly desires, presents a baffling problem. The veiled woman, however, teaches Gaspard the why and wherefore of life. The book is a brilliant conception, admirably worked out.

Cran, Mrs. George. *A Woman in Canada.* 8vo, pp. 283. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3 net.

The lady who writes this book concludes with the avowal, "If I had to earn my living, I would go to Canada." The book contains nothing new either as an itinerary or a literary comment. Its literary value is indeed insignificant, but its candor, freshness, and the way in which it interests the reader as the record of an actual experience make it a pleasant, readable, and, to some extent, illuminating work.

Crane, Aaron Martin. *A Search after Ultimate Truth. The Divine Perfection Inherent in Man and in all Creation.* 12mo, pp. 497. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50 net.

Curtin, Jeremiah. *A Journey in Southern Siberia. The Mongols: Their Religion and Their Myths.* Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 319. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

Davis, Yorke. *The Green Cloak.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 307. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$1.50.

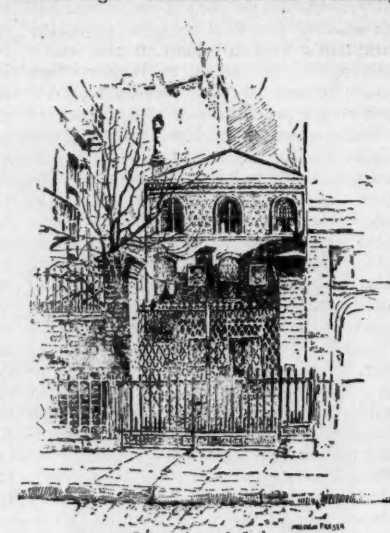
Davison, Allison. *The Human Body and Health.* Three Parts. I. Elementary. II. Intermediate. III. Advanced. 8vo, pp. 191+223+320. New York: American Book Co.

A work intended for unprofessional people who desire a clear account of the structure and functions of the human body, and the safest and best method of preserving sound and efficient health in all. The illustrations add to its usefulness and the teaching seems much more complete and reliable than are some of the manuals on physiology which have been published for the use of schools.

Dennis, James T. (Translator). *The Burden of Isis. (Wisdom of the East Series).* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This volume is a translation from the Egyptian. It has sometimes been referred to as "The Laments of Isis and Nephthys." Mr. Dennis lives in Baltimore, his work having found a publisher in London and been imported here. It is really a collection of liturgies admired for the insight they afford into a deep and beautiful religious feeling in Egypt a thousand years

before Christ. The spiritual level reached is often high. Confidence in an overruling

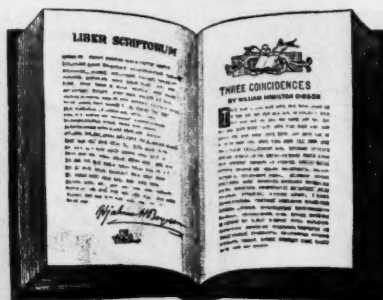


House in East 15th Street, New York, in which the Authors Club was organized. At one time the home of Richard Watson Gilder.

destiny and hope as to a future life are well exprest.

Dejeans, Elizabeth. *The Heart of Desire.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 365. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

De Leon, T. C. John Holden, Unionist. A Ro-



"Liber Scriptorum," published by the Authors Club and from sales of which \$20,000 was derived for the benefit of the club. See review of George Cary Eggleston's "Recollections."

manance of the Days of Forrest's Ride with Emma Sanson. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 338. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Dismore, Julia Stockton. *Verses and Sonnets.* 12mo, pp. 151. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dubois, Paul. *Nervous States, Their Nature and Causes.* 12mo, pp. 200. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents.

What is called nervousness, nervous prostration, neurasthenia, and like expressions, which are constantly in the mouths of the multitude, we find here treated of by a master physician. The writer is the famous professor of neuropathology in the University of Bern, three of whose works have already been published in this country in an authorized translation. The present volume makes the fourth. There are some diseases of which Shakespeare's dictum is true. In these "the patient must minister to himself" and "throw physic" in the shape of pills and patent nostrums "to the dogs." The work before us shows what these diseases are, speaks cheerfully of them, and, while the author is a profound investigator, the reader who

takes him for a guide will find that this physician's hopefulness and kindness are as conspicuous as his wisdom and learning. The style is intended for the people at large who here will not find their minds perplexed by technicalities.

Draper, Andrew Sloan. *Agriculture and Its Educational Needs.* 16mo, pp. 92. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.

Edwards, David W. *Up the Grade.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 406. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

Eggleston, George Cary. *Recollections of a Varied Life.* 8vo, pp. 354. Portrait. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.75.

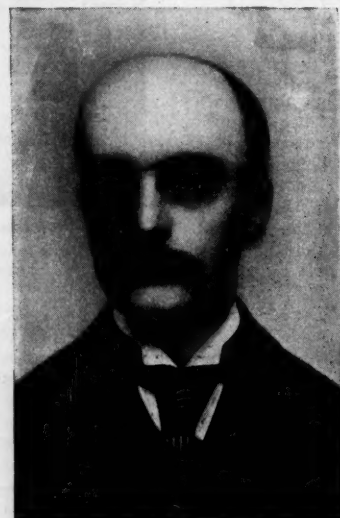
Except for experiences in the Civil War, when he fought on the Southern side, Mr. Eggleston's life could not be called an eventful or a public one. In a sense, however, his career has been something near to public rank, for during many years he was in the closest possible touch with public affairs, having served editorially on influential newspapers. He is best known, however, as an author. Mr. Eggleston's published books would probably fill the five-foot shelf set apart by President Eliot as space enough to contain all the books of the world necessary to a complete education. These books have been widely read, so that Mr. Eggleston's name has become known to many thousands, when it was probably known only to a few hundreds during his service as editor-in-chief, editorial writer, or literary editor.

In the present volume Mr. Eggleston has made a book of very particular interest, not alone for his friends, or for those who have read his works of fiction, but for the general reading public interested in the happenings of the past fifty years. What is best about it, is the absence of anything like objectionable egotism. He necessarily talks much of himself, but he has managed so to do this that he does not seem to be exploiting himself as a hero, nor even as a successful man. The volume is also notable for its good temper. His life obviously has brought him experiences which, at the time, would have tried the souls of the strongest. He has also had his disappointments, some of them obviously bitter, and yet he assures his readers early in the book that he has "no grudges to gratify, no revenges to wreak, no debts of wrath to repay." "If I had," says he, "I should

(Continued on page 930)



MARIAN COX,
Author of "The Crowds and the Veiled Woman."



JOHN B. MCMASTER.



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HAMILTON-MADE Hose is made by our OLD, SLOW PROCESS, which produces such stiff, springy, long-lasting hose. An inner tube of pure "live" rubber is tightly wrapped with layer after layer of close-woven duck, all vulcanized tight together, with an outside cover of tough rubber to take the wear. After seasoning, every foot is TESTED under tremendous hydraulic pressure, to discover the slightest defect. This enables us to GUARANTEE our hose to stand enormous pressures. Most makers will not do this.

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LOOK FOR THE YELLOW LABEL



A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 928)

put them all aside as unworthy." In the main, he has found his fellow men "kind, generous, and just." Association with them has given him the chief pleasure of living. The few who have wronged him he has forgiven, those who have been offensive he has carefully forgotten. This declaration is no idle boast. His subsequent pages fully justify it.

One knows not which parts of the book to commend with most care. Those which relate to the Civil War are disappointingly brief, but this doubtless is due to the fact that Mr. Eggleston was about to publish an elaborate history of that conflict. His experience in New York journalism, where he served under William Cullen Bryant



ELLEN KEY

Author of "The Education of the Child"

and Joseph Pulitzer, yields to the reader chapters of notable interest. Authors of his time are often referred to, especially Stockton, Howells, Bigelow, Hay, Godwin, and Theodore Tilton. He writes with very special interest of the Authors Club in New York, where much of his later life has been spent. Within its walls some of his books were written, and no one for ten years has been a more frequent or conspicuous attendant upon its fortnightly meetings.

Among other interesting facts about this club, set forth by him, are two which relate to the author as a successful man of business. One is, that the club not only has no debt of any kind, but a comfortable surplus in the bank. He believes this condition to exist nowhere else in New York clubland. The other achievement is the successful publication of one of its own books. An eminent publisher, when the project was under way, bet Mr. Eggleston a hat that the club would never sell twenty-five copies. The result, however, was that the club sold the entire edition, realizing therefrom "something more than \$20,000 as a fund with which to provide leather-covered Morris chairs, soft rugs, hand-

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some bookcases, and other luxuries for our friends, the doubters, to rejoice in."

Fenwick, Frances De Wolfe. *The Arch-Satirist.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 358. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

Firth, Frank. *Christian Unity in Effort. Something about the Religious Faiths, Creeds, and Deeds of the People of the United States and Elsewhere in Their Relation to Christian Unity in Effort.* 12mo, pp. 272. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

Foots, Mary Hallock. *The Royal Americans.* 12mo, pp. 386. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Fr. Thomas of Celano, of the Order of Friars Minor (A. D. 1255-61). "The Life of Saint Clare." Translated and edited from the earliest Mss. by Fr. Paschal Robinson, of the same Order: with an Appendix containing the Rule of Saint Clare. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 169. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. \$1 net.

Franck, Harry A. *A Vagabond Journey Around the World.* 8vo, pp. 502. New York: The Century Co. \$3.50 net.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once said that a woman preaching was like a dog dancing on his hind legs. The wonder was not that she did it so well, but that she could do it at all. This is the secret of all "stunts." Little is sometimes to be learned from them, but they are interesting and excite our sympathy with those who do difficult things. This does not mean that the author of this work is relating in a dull manner his performance of a feat which adds, perhaps, little to the common stock of information. He has told his experiences well, and is a distinctly remarkable personality. This will be seen from the following facts.

Harry A. Franck has graduated at a university, and this in part accounts for the style and finish in his book as a literary

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"Let your coffee slave be denied his cup at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue like unto death. I know it all in myself, and have seen it in others. Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in its use," says a Topeka, Kansas, man. He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until after he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system.

"Finally, I quit coffee and the conditions slowly disappeared, but one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious concoction.

"Later, I found my breath coming hard and frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

"Common sense came to me and I quit coffee for good and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism, the blues and a skeleton-like condition of the body.

"My brother quit coffee because of its effect on his health and now uses Postum. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum.

"Miss F., I know personally, was incapable of doing a day's work while she was using coffee. She quit it and took up Postum and is now well and has perfectly steady nerves."

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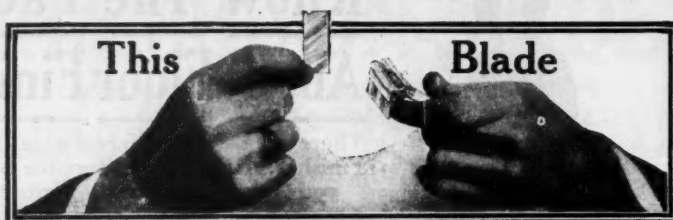
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achievement. Perhaps a still greater achievement was the journey he took round the world and studied it as a sociological enthusiast alone can do. An early circumnavigator of the globe, Commodore Anson, was said to have been all round the world, but never in it. The same can scarcely be said of the man who performed this vagabond journey. He was very much in it. His pictures of life in strange parts of the world prove his keen power of observation and descriptive skill. He carried with him nothing but a small photographic camera and his work is illustrated with more than a hundred pictures which he took during his peregrinations. These peregrinations include a large part of Europe. Thence he visited Egypt and Palestine, and, passing through Asia, visited Ceylon, Burma, the Hindustan Peninsula, Siam, and Japan. Hardship was not escaped by this companion of tramps and nomads, and he was frequently short of money, for he lived on what he could earn, which was sometimes next to nothing. He tells a plain unvarnished tale, as Defoe might have invented one, but there is no invention in his story. The sincerity and the simplicity of the narrative are its most evident characteristics. The work is eminently readable, full of anecdote, lively dialog, and description. The illustrations are not of equal quality, but have the disadvantage of being enlarged from kodak films. They are, however, suggestive and varied. This is the way his fellow tramp, Adolph, put him to bed in Egypt:

"He picked his way over the tumbled blocks toward the third pyramid, climbed a few feet up its northern face, and disappeared in a black hole. We followed, and, doubled up like balls, slid down, down, down a sharply inclined tunnel some four feet square, into utter darkness. As our feet touched a stone floor Adolph struck a match. The flame showed two small sarcophagi. He dropt the match and climbed into one of the coffins. I chose another and found it as comfortable as a stone bed can be, tho a bit short."

Gaskell, Elizabeth Gleghorn. Cranford. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Suggestive Questions by H. E. Coblenz. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 279. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.

Grenfell, Wilfred T. What Life Means to Me. Frontispiece. 16mo, pp. 32. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 50 cents net.

Hamilton, Clayton. The Theory of the Theater and Other Principles of Dramatic Criticism. 12mo, pp. 248. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

Hay, Ian. The Right Stuff. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 314. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.20 net.

Hilliers, Ashton. The Master-Girl—A Romance. 12mo, pp. 245. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Irving, Washington. Selections from Bracebridge Hall. Edited with Notes and Introduction by Samuel Thurber, Jr. Frontispiece. 16mo, pp. 121. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 25 cents.

Jaffray, Robert. The Two Knights of the Swan—Lohengrin and Helyas. A Study of the Legend of the Swan-Knight, with special reference to its two most important developments. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 123. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Jamison, J. Franklin. Original Narratives of Early American History. Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence—1628-51. Map and Facsimiles. 8vo, pp. 285. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3 net.

Kelly, James Paul. Prince Izon. A Romance of the Grand Cañon. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 398. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

Kelly, Myra. Little Aliens. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 291. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Kennan, George. Tent Life in Siberia—A New Account of an Old Undertaking. Adventures among the Koraks and Other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xix+482. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Key, Ellen. *The Education of the Child.* Pp. 85. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

This slender volume is a chapter taken from Ellen Key's longer work entitled "The Century of the Child," which has received wide and favorable notice on both sides of the Atlantic. It is a plea for natural education, which is defined as "the system of allowing nature quietly and slowly to help itself, taking care only that the surrounding conditions help the work of nature." Some old established pedagogical maxims are emphasized, but for the most part the author breaks away entirely from the methods employed by the educational leaders of to-day. She backs up her arguments convincingly, however, and supplements her theories with practical suggestions.

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The book is crowded with pertinent aids for both teacher and parent. The editor of one of the best-known American magazines has said of it, "Nothing finer on the wise education of the child has ever been brought into print."

Knipe, Emilie Benson and Alden, Arthur. *Little Miss Fales.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 225. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Lane, Elinor Macartney. *The Apple-Tree Cottage.* Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 51. New York: Harper & Bros.

Long, Chas. Albert. *A Solution of Interests Dependent Upon Money, Subsidiary Money, Currency, Emergency Currency, and Banking for Every Nation.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 54. New York: Aberdeen Publishing Co.

Lynde, Francis. *The Taming of the Red Butte Western.* 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A demoralized railroad and a collegian who was certain that he was a coward here come together, and the situation proves the coward a hero and incidentally he cleans up the railroad. Lidgerwood's conviction that he was a coward arose from a stage holdup in which he, with others, held up his hands while the ladies were being robbed, including the "one woman" whom Lidgerwood loved. But Eleanor was duly on hand, through some slightly inconsistent accidents devised by the author, in time to see Lidgerwood defy the chief villains of the plot—the master-mechanic and the prime looter of the railroad playing their last card to get rid of the hero. There are railroad wrecks—quite too many for probability—a wrongly suspected train-dispatcher, a dipsomaniac who turns up several trumps, and a foyer full of moving figures more or less intimately related to the plot. On the whole interesting, but only for a passing hour!

Marcosson, Isaac F. *The Autobiography of a Clown.* 16mo, pp. 102. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1 net.

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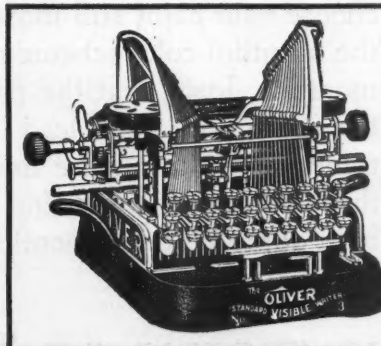
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given in the first person, and it is otherwise obvious that, in all essential details, Jules Turnour is the author. Mr. Marcossion has given clearness of expression and general literary form to a story that comes from another man. Mr. Turnour was born in a circus wagon in Spain, on the edge of a wood where the circus had camped. He came to America early in life and has followed the circus all over this country ever since. Mr. Marcossion has yet to meet a man "whose devotion to the ideals of his art is more sincere." He has always found him "proud to be a clown." Mr. Turnour's last word in the book is that "it is good to be a clown." He is sure he has "caused many people to forget their troubles and has made countless children clap their little hands with glee." His employer, in an introductory note, after knowing him more than twenty years, declares that he has "yet to find a man with a cleaner, higher aim." He believes the world "has been made better by the presence and work of Jules."

Somehow the reader of this little book closes its last page with a deep conviction that all this is true. It is certainly a pleasure to learn that Turnour has saved his money so that he now owns a house in Missouri, in which he lives every winter after the circus has closed, and also a farm in North Dakota, where he can "see green things grow." Whatever befalls him, he has a roof to shelter his last years. "But I never expect to stop clowning," says he, "as long as I am able to work."

McMaster, John Bach. A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. In 8 volumes. Volume VII.—1841-50. 8vo, pp. 640. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.

More than twenty-five years have passed since Professor McMaster acquired a national reputation by the publication of the first volume of this history. The work had been conceived on lines so unlike those employed by previous writers, and it dealt, moreover, so interestingly with vital facts in the lives of people rather than in public events, that a wide reading at once was secured for it. The present volume is the seventh of the eight volumes which the author expects will be sufficient to complete the work, bringing it down to the Civil War. An average of about four years heretofore has been consumed in the preparation of each volume. When the final chapter is before us, we shall possess what is incomparably the best history extant of the eighty years embraced by it.

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Morrison, Rev. G. H. The Return of the Angels. Sunday Evenings in a Glasgow Pulpit. 12mo, pp. 335. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

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Ohnet, Georges. The Red Flag. 12mo, pp. 317. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

Orr, James. Revelation and Inspiration. 12mo, pp. 224. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

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"At Auction," which we quote from *The Thrush*, is light as a whiff of spray and almost as full of rainbow coloring.

At Auction

By H. M. WATHMAN

A sandy shore and a salty sea,
And eryngo all a-blowing.
There are shells for you, there are flowers for me,
Going! Going! Going!

A peaty burn and a birchen tree,
And the heather all a-blowing.
There's the wind for you and the clouds for me,
Going! Going! Going!

Oh! things to do, and oh! things to be,
And the breath of June a-blowing.
There's the sun for you and the moon for me,
Going! Going! Going!

The first part of "Magellan in the Straits," from *Munsey's Magazine*, forms a rather long and tame prelude to the fine climax of the last verse, where we are reminded of those other explorers, the discoverers of the Pacific, who

"Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Magellan in the Straits

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

The steady wind blew west
Along the tortuous strait;
And still the lean and scowling crew,
Consumed with heptess hate,
Beheld Magellan smile
As if he joked with fate.

All day they curst the ship;
All night they dreamed of Spain.
They called the strait a river of hell—
He swore it was the main;
For oft at eve he dipped
And found it salt again.

The sailors sickened fast;
Their eyes began to stare.
Now, wolflike ravening, from the mast
The leathern thongs they tear;
For none of their small lives
Did that great captain care.

At even and at morn
He bade their labors halt,
To swing some luckier comrade down
Into the foaming vault;
And still he smiled and said:
"The water still is salt!"

The water still was salt;
The west wind still blew free—
Sudden the sailors crowding ran
From starboard and from lee,
And lifted up their eyes
Upon the western sea.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A PRODIGY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

ANY boy may become an intellectual prodigy if his parents only start in early enough with a scientific intensive cultivation of his mental powers, avers Dr. Boris Sidis. And to confirm this theory there is Master William James Sidis, already an accomplished mathematician and delver into metaphysical problems, who entered Harvard last fall at the rather early age of eleven. While the generality of parents seem content to let their children acquire knowledge by slower and less strenuous methods, and prefer to let infancy last as long as it will, and to allow the child to enjoy the normal experiences of childhood, there is at least one father who agrees with the famous psychologist. Mr. L. J. Palda, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., has recently described in the Bohemian paper *Osvěta Americká*, an experience in his own family, which seems to bear out Dr. Sidis's theory of "latent mentality."

Mr. Palda's five-year-old son Lidmil, had been given, at Christmas, some alphabetical blocks. He would play with them, and at leisure moments his mother would teach him the different letters. The younger boy, Ervin, was at this time but a few weeks over two years old. Altho he often played with his brother he was never seen to pay any particular attention to these lessons. So his parents were surprised and gratified when they discovered one day that he knew his letters as well as the older boy. They started at once to teach him the elements of arithmetic, using similar blocks with figures on them. This, says Mr. Palda, in a translation of a portion of his Bohemian article, young Ervin learned very quickly.

He learned also the spelling of simple English words and was able to put them together with the blocks, making his own selections. While walking on the street with us, he would take great delight in telling us the different letters on the signs on business places. There is no doubt in my mind that by further training he would have been able to read well at the end of his third year.

But just about this time, Mr. Palda remembered John Stuart Mills's complaint that, while such a forced education had made him a Greek scholar almost from the cradle, it had robbed him of his childhood. Therefore, he continued:

I stopt my boy's education, because I did not want to rob him of the sweetest pleasures and memories of childhood. Ervin very soon forgot the knowledge of letters, figures, and spelling, and when he started to attend school all this had to be learned anew, visibly with more difficulty than in his babyhood. Next fall he will be seventeen and in June will finish his fourth year in high school and graduate.



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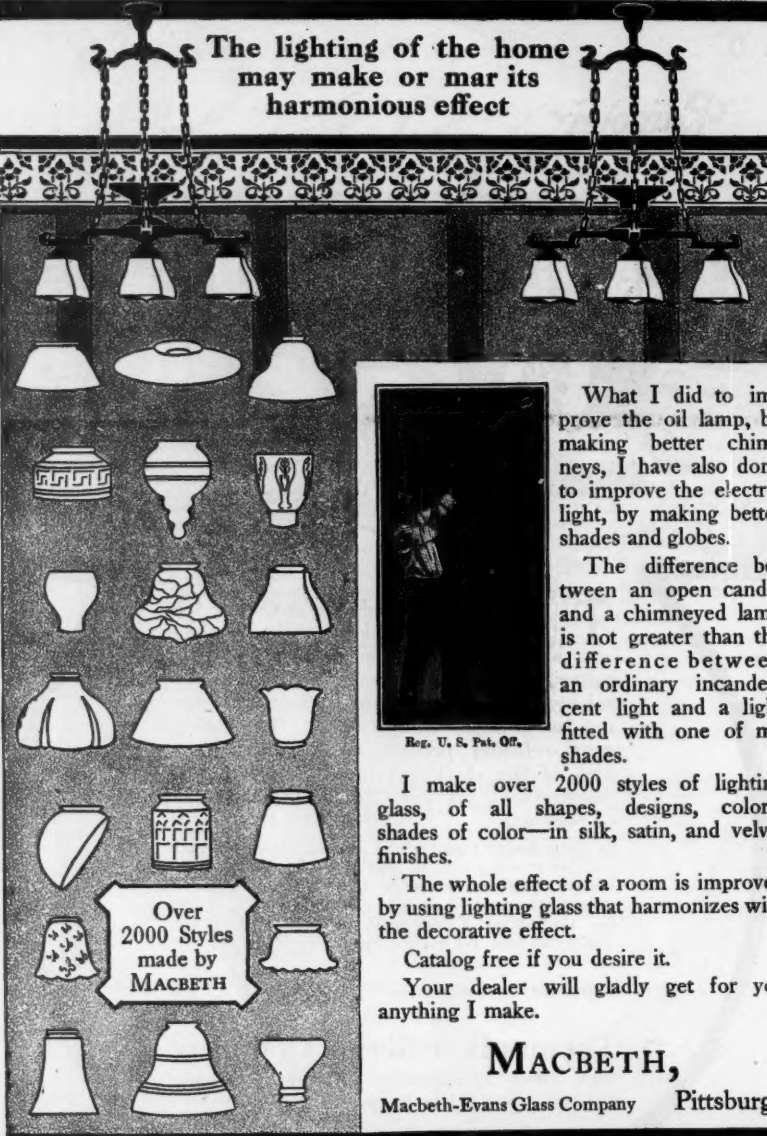
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He was always a good student, but has never shown any remarkable talent.

Mr. Palda is certain, however, that if the boy's training had been kept up he would have been just such a "prodigy" as young Sidis. And this, he says, fully confirms the theory of Dr. Sidis, that precocity is simply the early scientific training of the normal child's mind.

CAPTURING ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP

J. ALDEN LORING, who accompanied ex-President Roosevelt on his African hunting-trip in the capacity of field naturalist, tells in *The Youth's Companion* of the pursuit and capture of a pair of Rocky Mountain sheep. These animals are rarely seen in captivity, and for some unaccountable reason are dying out in their mountain fastnesses. The owner of a game-preserve in Colorado determined to help perpetuate this species. He thereupon secured a permit from the State authorities to capture lambs. Then he called in the services of Morris Pitcock. Mr. Loring describes Pitcock as an eccentric man of extraordinary physical endurance, who spends most of his time roaming about, hunting game and looking for wild horses. When Mr. Loring joined him for this lamb-hunt he had been camping for three weeks in a dugout. It was the second day of June, but the "flat-tops," as this particular mountain-section is called, was covered with snow. We read:

That afternoon we visited a "slide" where the earth had been washed from a side-hill into a creek-bottom, leaving a steep bank of dirt and fine shale. To reach this slide the sheep had to leave the flat-tops and pass for six miles through thick spruce-timber; yet they were willing to do it for the sake of the iron and salty earth which they licked and ate.

The six miles between our camp and the flat-tops was an uninterrupted snow-bank from two to ten feet deep. Up to ten o'clock the crust would hold one's weight, but after that and until the sun sank and the snow began to crust over again it was soft, and traveling on foot was slow and fatiguing.

The first day we started early enough to cross the gradually sloping and rolling ascent to the base of the crags before the crust melted. When we were a quarter of a mile from the cliffs I got out my glasses.

For fifteen minutes we gazed intently into the rocks, and I was about to replace my binoculars, when my partner discovered two ewes, and then saw a lamb standing near them. The animals had already seen us, and were alert, looking in our direction. As we started on, they took fright, and as they bounded away we saw a second lamb following.

During the steep but not dangerous climb to the top, we lost sight of the sheep. Thinking they might be hiding in one of the thousand crevices among the crags, we separated, Pitcock going down into the rocks, while I remained on guard above. It was fully an hour before I saw my companion slowly working along the base of the crags, and on the very verge of a steep snow-bank.

Unless the sheep succeeded in getting

round us and back to the crags, it was plain that they would be driven out on the flat. So I started down to overtake my companion. This I soon did, for his progress was retarded by losing the tracks in the bare rock. The sheep kept on down the ridge, and as it gradually "petered out," we rapidly overtook them. We knew that by constant rushing the lambs would soon become exhausted, particularly if we could get them into the deep, soft snow.

From a rise of ground a quarter of a mile from the cliffs we saw them just beginning to ascend the snow-clad slope. The ewes were in the lead, and they often paused to wait for the lambs to catch up. Poor little fellows! they were making slow progress, and frequently fell into their mothers' footprints and floundered a few seconds before they extricated themselves.

We, on the other hand, were also beginning to feel the strain. For the last mile we had been on a dog-trot in soft snow from a foot to three feet deep, and we were wet to our hips.

The sheep finally gained the crags, and we kept them in view for some time, but before passing out of the timber we lost sight of them. Making a cut-off to a point where they were last seen, we struck the trail again and followed it. I was leading, when one of the lambs dropt out of the bunch and lay down on a ledge. It suddenly jumped to its feet, scampered past me, and ran out on a narrow ledge as far as it could go. Pitcock's arrival blocked its only means of escape. It looked about, then jumped down to a point below, and from there carefully worked its way farther down, until it was standing on a rock hardly large enough to accommodate its tiny feet. Below was a sheer drop of forty feet to a snow-slope of forty-five degrees, which extended into the valley.

It was impossible for a man to get within reach of the lamb in that position. Pitcock climbed down over the cliff, and holding to me with his right hand, with the other dropped a noosed cord in front of the lamb's nose. In attempting to work the noose about its neck the cord slipped and became too small to pass over its head, but caught on its nose. Pitcock was trying to detach it so as to haul it up for readjustment, when the lamb gathered itself for a spring. As it leapt, the noose jerked it back; it lost its footing and fell over the cliff.

We held our breath and watched the creature dashing to destruction. As it struck the snow, it began to roll, and bounded over the crust like a rubber ball. It rolled the entire width of the slide and out on the flat; then it jumped up, and to our utter amazement, scampered off over the snow as if nothing had happened.

We watched until it disappeared round a point. In that half-minute it had gained twenty minutes on us, but we descended, took up the trail, and started doggedly on. At last we saw it on the snow, about to enter the crags again. Fortunately it had struck the trail previously made by the other sheep. In floundering in one path the sheep had made deep impressions in the snow, and when the lamb fell into one of these it had difficulty in getting out.

Pitcock made a détour to head it off, while I sat on a rock and munched a sandwich.

Slowly Pitcock overtook the lamb, which



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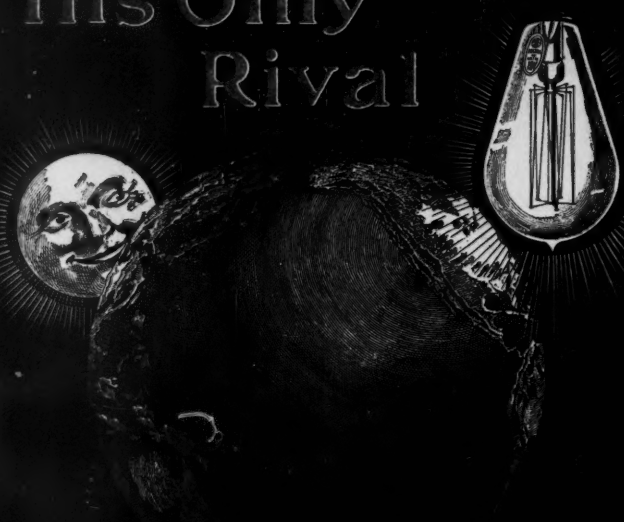
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was now lying in a hole. Evidently it, too, had given up the fight, but as it saw Pitcock approaching, it made one more effort, and managed to scramble out, only to fall into another pit. Here it submitted to capture and remained quiet all the way back to camp, where we arrived at nightfall.

We fixt up some condensed milk at once and gave the lamb a good meal. Then we put the little fellow into a sack and tied the mouth loosely about his neck. He slept on the blankets between us that night. We had made arrangements with a ranchman and owner of several milch-cows to care for the lambs. Early in the morning Pitcock, with the lamb, left for the ranch—some fifteen miles away—and returned at about nine o'clock in the evening.

On the next day the hunters traveled ten or twelve miles before they saw two ewes with lambs under the crest of the rocks. They followed them over snow-banks and under melting snow-cornices, huge masses of which would drop perilously near them. At last the trail was lost and Loring and Pitcock encamped for the night under the low-drooping boughs of two spruces that stood close together. Here they built a fire, dried their foot-wear, ate a sandwich, and settled for the night.

"Roughing it," says Mr. Loring, "had inured us to the Indian habit of sleeping cold." He continues:

When it was light enough to travel we left the timber and began the ascent to the flat-tops. But our exhaustion and the fear of being caught in a threatening blizzard caused us to return to camp, "feed up," and rest the remainder of the day.

Another early start, another six-mile tramp over the snow, another eight-hundred-feet climb to the flat-tops, and we again began the hunt. In passing round the head of a little "break," we saw an old ram some five hundred yards away. He watched us until we passed out of sight. Farther on, with the aid of glasses, we discovered a band of 14 sheep on the brink of the flat-tops. Some were feeding, some lying down, but we could not tell whether there were any lambs among them.

Reaching the top of a cliff and peeping over, I saw some ewes looking up at me. In another second they dashed away, so I called to Pitcock, and we gave chase. The tracks showed that there were two ewes and two lambs in the bunch. They led us through the crags for some distance, and then over the rim-rock and across the flat, passing so near the band of fourteen as to cause a panic among them.

On reaching the rim-rock the sheep separated, and we followed a lamb and ewe that were skirting the snow-cornice, looking for a place to descend. A half-mile of travel brought them to the spot they sought, and such a spot! For the instant we could not believe our eyes, yet there were the tracks leading to the edge of a snow-bank, and the disturbed earth on the narrow ledge below, showing where they had landed. It looked like certain death to any living creature that attempted to descend there.

Pitcock grasped my hand, and as I slowly lowered him over the drift, he said, "I can go anywhere that a sheep can." He helped me down, and we moved on, now pressing close against the walls of a narrow ledge or

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sidling and crawling along it on all fours, now testing a bit of stone for a firm grip, and holding our breath as we edged round a huge point of rocks.

We were still trailing the pair, sometimes by sight, but more often by tracks, when, coming to the crest of a jutting spur, we saw six ewes and two lambs half-way up the cliff.

The sheep saw us as soon as we left shelter and four of them rushed to the bottom and over the snow-bank at a lively pace, taking with them one of the lambs. The remaining two passed behind some boulders.

This was our opportunity. With all possible haste we hurried forward and got close to the cliff before they reappeared. On seeing their retreat blocked from below, they tried to climb higher into the crags, but, failing, both turned and ran directly toward us. The one with the lamb, terror-stricken with fear, outran her offspring, and bounded past us not fifty feet away. The lamb followed in the wake of its mother, but, finding itself alone, stooped thirty feet off and stood looking at us. We gave it time to recover from its fright and to become accustomed to our strange appearance. For fifteen minutes it clambered about in the crags, running a few feet at a time and then watching us.

Finally it ran up a steep pinnacle and, looking over the bluff, turned to come back, but Pitcock was close behind, and it climbed back to the crest. On the top it stood bewildered. Just at the moment when it had gathered to spring, Pitcock seized it by a hind leg and drew it into his arms. It kicked and struggled violently for some time, but finally submitted.

I then turned my attention to the lamb and ewe that had made their escape. I left Pitcock to follow as best he could. Half a mile farther on I got close to a lamb and a ewe on the edge of the rocks near the bottom. The ewe saw me and, starting up into the crags, was soon out of sight; but just as I began to descend she came tearing back, met me and dashed past, and a second later the lamb appeared. I threw up my arms and shouted, and it, too, wheeled and turned back, soon returning, however, upon discovering its inability to climb the cliff. From a rock on a level with my shoulders it leapt into the air and, bounding over my head, struck the rocks behind me and continued its flight. A few minutes later it escaped me entirely by a jump of twenty feet from a ledge to the base of the cliff, and in the approaching dusk we lost all trace of it. Altho we searched until dark we had to acknowledge defeat.

We had not rested since leaving camp, and we now found ourselves twenty miles from our blankets and with the prospects of an all-night tramp through snow. One who has never traveled at night in the mountains can not appreciate what such travel meant. But regardless of danger and hardship to ourselves, we were determined to get the lamb to camp as soon as possible.

A crust solid enough to bear our weight did not form until long after sundown. In the mean time we floundered through drifts ankle- and hip-deep, broke through snow-bridges into rivulets, and once went through the ice into a lake up to our hips. Finally we stumbled into camp, with the glow of a new day in the eastern horizon.

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and playful in a short time. Unless some unfortunate disaster befalls them, there is no doubt that this pair will form the nucleus of the most hopeful attempt to rear Rocky Mountain sheep in captivity that has ever yet been undertaken.

"STEALING" THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER

ALTHO Dr. Louis Smirnow had his American passport and was free to enter Russia unmolested, he wanted the experience of "stealing the frontier." So he got into communication with one of the "frontier brokers" who make a business of smuggling people into or out of Russia for fixt sums. As he was traveling in the land of the Cossack under an assumed name Dr. Smirnow leaves blank some of the dates and names, "for obvious reasons." In his account of his crossing the frontier, in *The Great Southwest Magazine* (Kansas City), he gives us a glimpse of "graft" in Russia, an empire whose foundations, he says, "are of solid bribery, and the superstructure of incompetency and irresponsibility cemented with vodka and champanskoe (champagne)." We read:

It was a beautiful autumn morning that promised a bright clear day when we started out, I and my fellow "frontier purloiners," the driver and the broker, toward the frontier.

We were in a long, uncomfortable, springless wagon, with piles of straw for seats and a trying journey ahead of us.

Yellow and gold fields, as far as could be seen, spread out in all the glory of a full harvest of waving wheat and corn, where these had not yet been cut down. There was vigor in the morning air and three hours of rapid driving brought us to —, the last station, a mere hamlet, on the German side.

The end of German territory was in sight. We approached it at a rather slow pace, halted on the line, looked back for a moment thoughtfully, then pulled across.

We were in Russia! And yet we were not, for not a very great distance away was a sentry-box painted with alternate black and white stripes, a sign of the Russian Government, and two wooden posts about twenty feet apart, similarly painted, were connected by heavy iron chains.

Straight for this chain—the gate of Russia—the driver was making. Our hearts beat high with suspicion, fear, excitement. We thought surely the frontier broker had betrayed us and was bringing us straight into the jaws of the lion to give us up to his mercy.

There were some among us, Russian subjects, without passports of any kind, who, if caught, would be sent in chains *po dlapu*, like the worst criminals, from town to town, lodged in prisons, fed on prison fare, weighted down by heavy irons chaining one prisoner to another, until they reached their home towns. No one knows the true significance of the "*dlapu*" except the one who has undergone it. I met subsequently many people who have been through it and they all told me it was simply harrowing. The abuse, the beating by the brutal soldiery, and the harsh treatment in the different prisons *en route*, unless you "grease" the paws of all officials with

plenty of the current grease, is all but unendurable.

Some among us having the ordinary passport which permitted them to travel from place to place, designated and sanctioned by the police, in Russia, did not have the particular "gubernatorskoi pass" that allowed them to leave the country, and hence if caught stealing the boundary would be liable to imprisonment and a heavy fine.

Others were simply smugglers of wines, brandies, tobacco, cigars, silks, and other goods upon which there is a very high tariff in Russia.

As for myself, I would most likely come in, if caught, for a few months or a couple of years in a loathsome dungeon before my case would go through all the great mass of Russian red tape and finally reach the ears of the American consul at St. Petersburg, or I might at once be given my walking-papers and banished from Russia, never again to enter it—under official knowledge—which would be a great pity.

We stopt in front of the drawn chain, the black-and-white striped posts, emblems of Russian authority, being on either side of us.

Our broker alighted and went into the guardhouse, walking boldly and with head erect, like a man who was at home here and in his proper element.

We held our breath, except when some of my companions uttered curses and imprecations, and even this was done in a whisper. Some cowered down so as to become as diminutive as possible, with the instinctive animal desire in the presence of a natural enemy, to escape notice.

On the right side of me sat a Czech woman, and a great, burly, real Russian was on my left,—the Lord only knowing why they were "stealing the frontier,"—who so prest against me that I towered above them like a giant.

Farther on were several Jewish men and women, a few Little Russians, and a couple of Germans, fifteen in all.

Shortly our broker came back with an officer at his side. It looked as if our immediate arrest was a certainty. But the officer smiled as he came up to our vehicle and I noticed that the two bottles of the fine Bordeaux which I had seen sticking out of the broker's pockets were now bulging from the pockets of the officer's great grey coat.

"Zdrastoiye!" was the officer's greeting, but those who understood him dared not reply.

"This is the Italian Duke," said the broker as he pointed at me; "the noble lady at his side is her Highness, his wife, and the gentleman on the left is their son."

"Pravdo, pravdo, ya ponimaiyu."

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Pears' Soap is made in a clean, sun-flooded factory; then stored a full year in a dry, airy place, before coming to you.

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Get a Florida East Coast Farm NOW

Our Contract Protects Your Family Same as Life Insurance

Five years ago a Mr. Conklin bought 25 acres on the Florida East Coast in the heart of the Indian River orange and grape fruit region. Today his land is worth from \$300.00 to \$1,000.00 per acre, and his 25 acre farm produces a bigger income every year than a 640 acre farm in Illinois or Iowa.

Last year he produced \$1,200.00 worth of strawberries off one acre of ground. In the same year he plowed up the strawberries and planted watermelons on the same acre, which provided enough money to cover the cost of growing both the strawberries and melons, and resetting the strawberries—making his \$1,200.00 from strawberries a net profit.

In the last four years Mr. Conklin has successfully raised 44 different kinds of fruits and vegetables.

Good land is becoming scarce in this country—the opportunity today is in Florida—for here is an opportunity to make a good income from a small plot of ground, and the price of this land today is within the reach of all.

Few persons realize the profits to be made from a Florida East Coast farm. Here is a partial list of the returns from several staples for which the demand is enormous:

Celery will produce \$1500 an acre; Oranges will produce \$1000 an acre; Grape Fruit will produce \$1000 an acre; Peppers will produce \$600 an acre; Beans will produce \$400 an acre; Tomatoes will produce \$350 an acre; Lettuce will produce \$400 an acre; Strawberries will produce \$1000 an acre; Irish Potatoes will produce \$450 an acre.

Our land is in the heart of this great money producing section—it lies alongside of the Indian River and the East Coast Railway, which provides 36 hour express service to Eastern Markets. Loading stations are only two miles apart, and buyers for Northern Markets usually buy all produce right at the stations.

In the Indian River region is found a climate that averages 73 degrees—rarely going above 82 degrees in summer and below 62 degrees in winter.

It has been described as the most agreeable climate in the world, and this combined with its great natural beauty, makes it an ideal place to live.

The soil is a rich sandy loam and muck, and this most perfect blend of soil and climatic conditions works wonders with crops.

Why You Should Select the East Coast

The East Coast is not only a land of promise—it is also a land of fact.

There is already an established market all over the United States for Indian River

oranges and grape fruit. The climate of the East Coast is acknowledged by residents of other Florida parishes as the finest in the state. It was selected by Henry Flagler for the location of his world-famed hotels.

The land on our East Coast tract requires neither drainage nor irrigation. Slight drainage may be necessary in small spots, but the land is high and has perfect drainage because of the Indian River on one side and the St. Johns River on the other. In fact the Indian River East Coast section has every advantage of soil, climate and transportation facilities.

Who We Are

The officers of this company are representative business men, farmers, judges, congressmen, bankers, etc., of Iowa. These men could not afford to be identified with any other than a high grade investment proposition. Here is a partial list:—

Leon S. Loizeaux, Banker and Capitalist, Vinton, Iowa.

C. W. Elliott, Capitalist, Vinton, Iowa.

Stanley S. Lichty, Sec'y, Corn Belt Telephone Company, Vinton, Iowa.

William Miller, Capitalist and Land Owner, Vinton, Iowa.

Hon. James W. Good, Congressman 5th District of Iowa, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Judge Franklin C. Platt, Waterloo, Iowa, and others of like standing.

Judge an investment by the men behind it. We also court an investigation of our land, and guarantee to refund any money paid in at the end of 60 days if you should find from investigation that it is not everything claimed for it.

Your family is thoroughly protected while you are paying for your farm. The insurance clause in our contract provides that should you die at any time after making the fourth payment, a warranty deed to the property will be given your heirs—without any further payment being necessary.

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Our extremely low price of \$20.00 per acre is based on timber land. We have some choice prairie land, worth in some parts as high as \$100.00 per acre. As long as this prairie land lasts we will furnish half prairie and half timber land (for every sale of 20 or more acres) at the low timber land price of \$20.00 per acre. Our terms are 50c per acre per month—\$1.00 per acre down.

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I blushed scarlet with both indignation and shame. The Czech peasant woman and the real Russian were many years my seniors!

"Count von Heller and his Excellency der Herzog von Strosserhaus," said our cheerful broker, introducing the Germans to the officer.

"Bitte, bitte," one of the Germans said as he handed the officer a handful of the best cigars ever made.

These he pocketed readily, and inquired as he pointed to a case of smuggled merchandise ill concealed by the straw in the wagon.

The Germans hummed and stuttered with embarrassment, but the ever-ready guide of ours replied:

"A basket of lunch for the picnic that their Highnesses are going on."

"Aha, aha! *Izveneteye passhalustie, izveneteye*" (pardon, please pardon me).

"Good day, good people," the officer said in parting, as the broker passed a sealed envelop over to him.

The chain was let down and we were allowed to go through unhindered. I looked back cautiously and saw the officer hastily tear open the envelop to see if the full amount, so much per head, was there, ready to recall us if it was not.

The amount was correct. Needless to say, this graft was divided among the guard and the officers of the guard in proportion to their rank.

We had passed the danger line and were safe in Russia, but we had not gone far when we saw a convoy coming under heavy guard from the same direction we hailed from. They were a group of men, women, and children caught "stealing the frontier" without paying for it, and hence they must be sent back to the places whence they came—sent *po elapnu*, as has been above explained.

They were Jews, Poles, Russians, stealing out of Russia to America, England, or Canada, but they forgot their last duty to their country, the greasing of the great paw of grasping officialdom, the handing over of the "smile that makes the smile," and hence all their hopes must be blasted, their last pennies wasted, their lives ruined. . . .

I spent a week in the ancient but very filthy city of Vilna. Thence, after halting at a few dilapidated villages, I made my way to Smolensk, also a well-populated city which suffers from an underestimation of the value of cleanliness, where I rented quarters in an outlying, sparsely settled district.

I did not know that an *ostrog* (a prison) was in the near vicinity of my apartments, but I soon had occasion to learn.

It was a dull afternoon, such as Russia alone in the dismal autumn days can know. I sat in my room alone, with my feet upon the table, American fashion, filling the room with the blue smoke of an "All-Connecticut."

I was startled by a loud rattling of chains, just as if cattle were yoked together, neck to neck, and were urged on and driven along the street.

I looked out to ascertain the cause of the commotion and beheld the same convoy that had been taken at the frontier at the time I crossed it, only instead of the original twenty-five or thirty it had now been augmented along the way to fully two hundred. Their wrists heavily chained to their ankles

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by long chains, they could scarcely walk under the heavy burden, but as if this were not enough, a very long chain secured each prisoner to the other by means of a buckle around the waist, and it seemed that unwillingly they had to drag one another on, on to the last point of their destination. They could not even fall in their tracks, for the neighbors chained to them front and rear prevented it.

They went on below my window, dragging each other wearily, while the heavy escort of Cossacks, many of them reeling drunk, whipt them up with their knouts and goaded them on to renewed efforts, occasionally hitting one with a carbine or pricking one with the point of the bayonet because of apparent fatigue and readiness to drop from exhaustion.

The snow was falling faster and faster, a blinding snowstorm was blowing up. The temperature fell rapidly to zero. The wind whistled mightily and promised dreadful things in the course of time. But still the weary line marched on, whither I knew not, and to what end I could not tell. I dropt back into my seat disconsolate, for the picture was far from being a pleasing one.

This was the *tiapu*, the process of returning vagrants, non-passporters to their homes, however remote these may be, and much of the journey must be done on foot, a process which takes many months to accomplish, for the Government, owning the railroads, is not going to provide any one with free rides, and those having money can not purchase their trip either, for they are criminals in the eyes of the Russian law and are under penal jurisdiction, hence their home can only be reached through the prison door.

AMERICA'S TEN HUMORISTS


MR. GELETT BURGESS, lecturing recently at Columbia University on "American Humor," said that the passing of Mark Twain left just ten real humorists in this country. This is his list: Peter Dunne, George Ade, Oliver Herford, Charles Battell Loomis, Wallace Irwin, Ellis Parker Butler, Irvin S. Cobb, Marshall P. Wilder, Simeon Ford, and Carolyn Wells. Of Mark Twain's characters, Mr. Burgess said, as reported in the *New York World*, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn would live long after the "Innocents Abroad" were forgotten. He continued:

His serious work proclaimed the artist, and confirmed his humorous work. By his independence and by his geniality he established a characteristic type of American abroad. I think that was his greatest work.

Of humor Mr. Burgess remarked:

There is nothing so perishable as humor, because it is founded upon a common habit of thought—and customs change. Humor is a natural disease which no man can catch. Nowadays the professional humorists are mostly found on the vaudeville stage, while the well-known American humorists can be counted on one man's fingers.

Good humor requires good sense. All the great writers of humor had their serious side. Even the remarks of Josh Billings were "chunks of wisdom."



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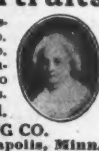
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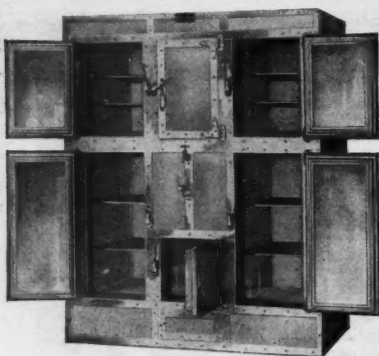
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HOW THE BUTCHER WELCOMED THE KING

ON one of King Edward's recent visits to Biarritz he witnessed the finish of a cross-country race at the Villa Machelon. This villa, it happens, belongs to a worthy Biarritz butcher, who had been requested by the committee to place it at the King's disposal. To this request the owner, of course, acceded. But this butcher had certain bosom friends, and, in their opinion, it was absolutely indispensable that the master in person should do the honors of his villa to the King of England, his guest. So, as *M. A. P.* (London) tells the story:

The butcher fetched out his Sunday suit, arranged his braces outside his knitted waistcoat which he invariably wears, stuck his hat over his ears, and, freely perspiring under the blazing sun, awaited his august visitor.

King Edward arrived and got down from his motor-car. With fine scorn for the conventions, the butcher boldly walked up to his Majesty, tapped him on the shoulder, and said, in a drawing voice, "Come in; don't stop in the sun—go up to the salon!"

A friendly shove accompanied these words. The King grasped the situation at a glance, smiled, and obeyed, leaving the butcher to chew proudly his penny Havana on the doorstep. He had done the honors of his home, had seen and spoken to his guest, the King.

MURDOCK'S FIRST INSURGENCY

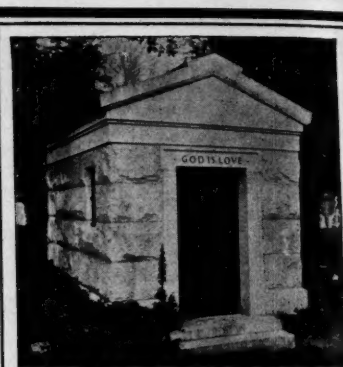
REPRESENTATIVE VICTOR MURDOCK, of Kansas, is generally looked upon as the pioneer of the insurgent movement in the House. According to a story found in the columns of the *Washington Times*, Mr. Murdock's bent for insurgency was very early acquired, and was made manifest at the expense of no less a personage than the late Justice Brewer. The latter, it seems, was at that time a county judge in frontier Kansas.

Traveling one day in a stage-coach, he met a young man who, accompanied by his wife and a red-headed two-year-old boy, was just moving into the State.

The Judge became acquainted with the father and mother, and insisted—for the austere Judge of later years was in those days a mighty good politician—that that boy was a fine chap, who would surely make his mark in the world. The proud parents beamed appreciation, and the Judge reached for the infant and took him on his lap.

Instantly there was insurrection. The prodigy did not propose to be jollied by an old chap out looking for votes. He kicked the Judge viciously, and finally, reaching out a very determined little paw, scratched the judicial countenance from ear to chin. Three sharp little nails scraped off three furrows of skin, and there was great concern and a very small trifle of real blood shed.

Thirty-odd years passed, and one night



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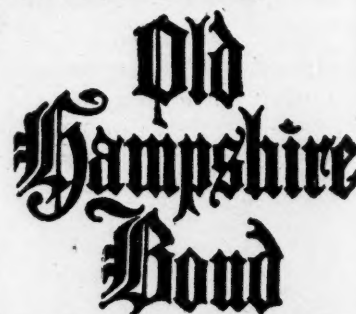
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Let us send you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND.

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The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively. Makers of Old Hampshire Bond, "The Stationery of a Gentleman," and also Old Hampshire Bond Typewriter Paper and Manuscript Covers.



at a White House reception Judge Brewer walked up to a young man and asked:

"Pardon me, but I am Justice Brewer. May I ask your name?"

"I am Representative Victor Murdock of your own State of Kansas, and I am very glad to meet you, sir," replied the young man.

"Well," said the Judge, "I was sure you were the one. You're the red-headed brat that scratched all the skin off my face in the stage-coach near Wichita about thirty-five years ago. Young man, you're in contempt of court, and if you ever get before me in due judicial form I'll make you smart for it. Why, I'm strongly minded to take you and spank you for it right now. You look to me just about big enough to begin to be spanked."

WHEN THE HIPPO BUMPED THE BOAT

MR. ROOSEVELT tells in the latest installment of his "African Game Trails," in *Scribner's*, of hunting hippopotami on Lake Naivasha. While he admits that hunting hippos is not an attractive sport, yet he found a goodly share of excitement in bagging his first bull. As the animal keeps under water except for a portion of its head, one is very likely to mistake a large cow for a bull. Mr. Roosevelt did this on one occasion, and leaving Cunningham to cut off its head for the Museum, started off himself in a boat with two native rowers. After about an hour they saw, in a broad, shallow lagoon, "a dozen hippo, two or three very big." They approached them cautiously, and when seventy yards off, the hunter fired at the base of the ear of one of the largest.

Down went every head, and utter calm succeeded. I had marked the spot where the one at which I shot had disappeared and thither we rowed. When we reached the place, I told one of the rowers to thrust a pole down and see if he could touch the dead body. He thrust accordingly, and at once shouted that he had found the hippo; in another moment his face altered, and he shouted much more loudly that the hippo was alive. Sure enough, bump went the hippo against the bottom of the boat, the jar causing us all to sit suddenly down—for we were standing. Another bump showed that we had again been struck; and the shallow, muddy water boiled, as the huge beasts, above and below the surface, scattered every which way. Their eyes starting, the two rowers began to back water out of the dangerous neighborhood, while I shot at an animal whose head appeared to my left as it made off with frantic haste; for I took it for granted that the hippo at which I had first fired (and which was really dead) had escaped. This one disappeared as usual, and I had not the slightest idea whether or not I had killed it. I had small opportunity to ponder the subject, for twenty feet away the water bubbled and a huge head shot out facing me, the jaws wide open. There was no time to guess at its intentions, and I fired on the instant. Down went the head, and I felt the boat quiver as the hippo passed underneath. Just here the lily-pads were thick; so I marked its course, fired as it rose, and down it went. But on the other quarter of the boat a beast, evidently of great size—

An instance of Smith Premier simplicity—a carriage that is gear-driven, like this

—not pulled along by bands or straps that bend, lock or break; nothing to detach in changing from one carriage to another.

This is one of the 28 advantages offered by the easy action, light running MODEL 10

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CONSTRUCTION





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Do the best cooking and
do it the easiest!

The **Single Damper** (patented). The only perfect fire and oven control. One motion—push the knob to "Kindle," "Bake," or "Check"—the range does the rest.

The **Ash Hod** in the base (patented), instead of the old clumsy ash pan; the ashes fall through a chute into the Hod,—all of them,—making their removal easy. The Coal Hod is alongside, out of the way.

The **Asbestos-back Oven** with cup-joint heat flues that heat *all parts of the oven alike*; bakes quickest, surest.

The **Patented Grates and Fire Box** enable a small fire to do a big baking.

Send for Illustrated Booklet. If Crawford are not sold in your town, we will tell you how to get one.

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3 & \$2.50 Workingmen's SHOES Boys' Shoes, \$2.00 Shoes \$3, \$2.50 & \$2

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more men than any other make,

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The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. **Take No Substitute.** Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If they are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



it proved to be a big bull—now appeared, well above water; and I put a bullet into its brain.

IN THE JAWS OF A LION

A good knife, a cool head, and plenty of pluck were all that saved a South African game-warden when actually being carried off by a lion. He was riding home at dusk through a game-preserve, says *The Youth's Companion*, quoting Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, author of "In the Grip of the Nyika," when a lion suddenly sprang at him from the bushes. It knocked him off his mount, then chased after the terrified pony, which was galloping madly off. As the man was picking himself up, another lion pounced on him and gripped him through the shoulder.

The game-ranger was dazed for a few moments by the shock, but when he came to his senses he found himself being carried off in the maw of the lion, whose long tusks went through and through his right shoulder, and rendered his right arm useless.

As he was being dragged off in this fashion, with his heels trailing on the ground, he gave himself up for lost, but suddenly bethought himself of an old hunting-knife he carried in his waist-belt at his right side.

The knife was so loose in its sheath that it usually fell out on the least provocation, and even as the ranger doubled his left hand behind his back, he had a hopeless feeling that the knife would not be there. Imagine his joy when he felt the hilt in his desperate grip!

In a moment the long, keen blade was poised, and a blow at the lion's heart, thrice rapidly repeated, made the brute wonder what had hurt him. He dropt his would-be victim, eyed him with astonishment for a second as he lay beneath him, and then staggered off into the bush.

The moment he was out of sight, the ranger struggled to his feet, climbed a tree, and before he fainted strapped himself on a branch with his belt.

No sooner had he done so than lion number one appeared on the scene again, having failed to catch the pony. He remained at the foot of the tree until the ranger's dog came up and by his barking attracted the attention of some passing natives, who drove off the lion and rescued the fainting man from the tree.

A brief search disclosed the dead body of the lion that had attacked the ranger, stabbed to death through the heart.

Ready for the Warden.—To make sure the youngster was not disobeying the bass-fishing law, the game-warden took his string of fish out of the water and found only cat-fish, perch, and suckers on the line. A few feet farther down the stream he found a large black bass wiggling on a string weighted down with a stone, and asked the boy what he was doing with that fish.

"Well, you see," answered the boy, "he's been taking my bait all the morning, and so I just tied him up there until I got through fishing."—*Success.*



Give Your Tobacco A Chance

The finest tobacco in all the world cannot give you the best there is in a smoke—unless you smoke it in a *good pipe*. Some men never learn what a *good pipe* is. You never will until you smoke a



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These pipes have been the world's standard for 61 years. All over the globe they are known as the best.

Nothing but time and pains-taking care can produce a pipe that is *good*. B B B pipes are made in England where things are not done in a hurry.

The briar root is "aged" for three whole years. Each B B B Pipe goes through 210 operations. Some of the workmen use nearly two hundred tools. And each workman takes his time.

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And here is the perfect result of my forty years' planning and experimenting—

THE LEONARD CLEANABLE REFRIGERATORS

So far as I know—and I have known refrigerators all my life—a better one could not be made. I'll tell you why:

First, it is absolutely sanitary. Lined with genuine porcelain enamel—pure white; indestructible—as easily kept fresh and clean as your china dishes.

Second, for its economy. Because of a special polar felt insulation, it saves half on your ice bills. Then, a constant circulation of dry, cool air makes your food keep longer.

Third, it has the only perfect water cooler.

Outside, the Leonard Cleanable is as beautifully finished as your piano.

Free Book for Housekeepers

All about refrigerators, the care of foods and other household information. It means many a dollar saved on expenses. Write for catalog and free sample of porcelain lining.

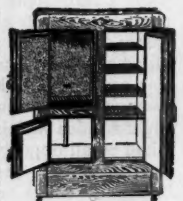
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No matter what kind of a refrigerator you use, you need my book.

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Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.

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No. 4 Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator. Size 32x21—46 inches high; lined with real porcelain enamel. Price \$33.00, freight paid as far as Mississippi and Old Rivers. With Leonard Re-cabin Water Cooler, \$5 extra. Fifty other styles and prices.



Kleanwell

The Kleanwell is made by the best brush makers of France. And the bristles are ANCHORED in the back. They come in many shapes, with soft, medium or hard bristles, clean and fresh because they are

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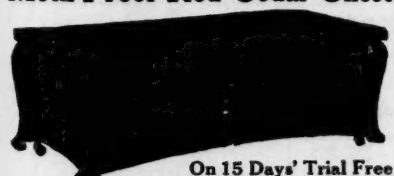
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Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co. Dept. 6 Statesville, N. C.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

The Ultimatum.—MAMA—"No, you can't have any more pennies to-day."

THE SPOILT CHILD.—"If you don't give me one, I'll wake the baby."—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Dead Shot on Livers.—"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."—*Everybody's.*

Still Unwearied.—MUSIC TEACHER—"Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked 'rest'?"

PUPIL—"Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired."—*Life.*

A Higher Critic.—MASTER—"I see you've got a horseshoe up there, Pat. I thought you didn't believe in that superstition."

PAT—"Sure, an' I don't, sir. But I have heard that them as don't believe in it gets the best luck."—*Punch.*

A Perplexing Prescription.—MRS. MCGUIRE—"Is your ould man any better since he went to th' doctor's, Mrs. Finegan?"

MRS. FINEGAN—"Not wan bit, Mrs. McGuire; sure it's worse th' poor man is wid his head whirling' aroun' an' aroun', tryin' to discover how to follow th' doctor's directions."

MRS. MCGUIRE—"An' what are th' directions, Mrs. Finegan?"

MRS. FINEGAN—"Sure, they do be to take wan powder six toimes a day, Mrs. McGuire."—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Dirge.—She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before: no sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as tho it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; another cry; more silence; then all silent but for a guttural murmur, which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg to-morrow.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Equipped.—GIRL FROM COUNTRY—"I don't see what kind of a place I could get. There isn't a single thing I know how to do."

EMPLOYMENT AGENT—"Very simple. Just advertise yourself as a maid of all work."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

Who Can it Be?—"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

"Yes, and there's always one more than you think."—*Sourire.*

To be Kept in Mind.—HAROLD—"I know that I'm not worthy of you, darling."

FAIR ONE—"Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy."—*Jewish Ledger.*

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From the most inexpensive Brownie to the 3A Special Kodak with its high speed Anastigmat equipment, every camera that leaves our factory is tested with rigid care—tested by those who have a pride in maintaining the honor of Kodak.

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will be shipped "On Approval" (freight Prepaid as stated below) allowing five days examination in your home, to be returned at our expense if not perfectly satisfactory and all you expected. It is made of Genuine Mahogany of very beautiful figure and carefully matched to show the finest grain effects, and is given the piano polish or dull satin finish as desired.

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we will submit illustrations and prices of the best and latest styles in dependable furniture.

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illustrates and describes in detail over 1000 designs of dependable furniture—has color plates of artistically furnished rooms in Period and Modern styles. It tells how you save one-third in buying direct.

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Only \$39.00

"Companion" Beds. Each 3 feet 3 inches wide.

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Top 34 x 30 inches
Only \$24.00
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Top 34 x 31 inches
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With or Without.—CLERK—"I have a beautiful new edition of Mendelssohn's 'Song Without Words' for two dollars."

MRS. NEWRICH—"Indeed! How much is it with the words?"—*Life*.

The Cost of Crete.—Present trouble in the East has brought out the sardonic humor of at least one Turkish gentleman.

"Would your highness," said an enterprising Italian journalist to the Grand Vizier of the time, "consent to the sale of Crete?"

"Certainly," replied the Turk. "Any one can have it for the price we paid—twenty years' war."—*Youth's Companion*.

Wanted

We've the telegraph wireless,
The church that is spireless,
The gas that is fireless;
Yet these we desire less
Than roads which are mileless,
Than hobos who're tireless,
Campaigns that are liarless,
And statesmen who're hireless.—
—*Kansas City Times*.

Too Late.—"Your Honor, I don't see how I can pay as much alimony as that."

JUDGE—"Why in the world didn't you think of that before you got married?"—*Life*.

Innocence.—ESTER—"Percy says that I am the first girl he ever kissed."

GERALDINE—"Yes. And doesn't he do it delightfully?"—*Columbia Jester*.

His Changing Calling.—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Government food expert, was talking of a "new" sort of food preservative. "They are all the same thing under different names," he said. It reminded him of the old caretaker of an Episcopal church, of whom he once heard.

This old fellow, as he sat on a tomb in the churchyard, dismissed as trivial the question of his proper title.

"The good old creed keeps the same for all," he said, "tho they may change the words they use. Look at me, here. I used to be the janitor. Then we had a parson who called me the sextant. Doctor Thirdly give me the name of virgin. And the young man we've got now says I'm the sacrilege."—*Youth's Companion*.

Its Value.—"The vermiform appendix is of absolutely no value to any one."
"Mine was worth five hundred dollars to my doctor."—*Life*.

The Age Limit.—QUICK-LUNCH WAITRESS—"How do you like your eggs, sir?"
HARDENED PATRON—"In their teens!"—*Puck*.

In the Blood.—KNICKER—"Jones is all the time wanting more money."

BOCKER—"No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman."—*New York Sun*.

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Real Estate on which are based the Mortgages securing our Certificates is worth in all cases at least twice the obligation. The Mortgage and other papers are turned over to the investor. In addition we guarantee the safety of each Certificate. 6% per annum is payable by attached coupons monthly, quarterly or semi-annually

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An Assortment of Heart Shaped
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PACKED IN HEART SHAPED TIN BOXES.
30 cents per Box.

Sold by our Sales Agents everywhere and by
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CARTER'S UNDERWEAR

For spring and summer wear you need Carter's Quality-Knit Underwear. None so stylish and reliable. None so satisfactory for all members of the family.

Elegant fabrics with fine *invisible ribs*. Pure sterilized white garments made by no other manufacturer. Expertly designed, carefully made, exquisitely finished. Garments which will satisfy anyone in quality and price.

"Quality-Knit and Quality Fit"

Made in union and two-piece suits for women and children. Union suits for men. Also infants' shirts and bands; silk, wool and cotton.

For sale by nearly all first-class dealers. Refuse substitutes. Look for the "Carter" Trade-Mark.

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Note. Would you like to see how we finish our garments for women, misses and children? If so, send us the name of this magazine, and your own name and address, and we will send you some beautiful samples.



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White Oak \$17.75



"COME-PACKT"

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Swings Right or Left for Either Leg

Swivel Catch
Adjusts itself to every motion by the swing of the swivel.

C-M-C Clasp
Neatest and smallest. Cannot unfasten or slip.

The Only Garter Without Objections

Men prefer it because it will not tear the stocking and will not bind the leg

25 cents will convince you
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Trade Mark on every box

Telling Time in Egypt.—Professor Turner had been spending the Christmas vacation in Egypt to supervise the erection of a telescope at Helouan. Captain Lyons, who was in charge of the instrument, said that he had found that at noon every day a gun was fired, and was anxious to know how the system worked. Accordingly, he interviewed the gunner and asked how he knew when to give the signal.

"Oh, I look at my watch," said the official.

"And how do you correct your watch?" asked the captain.

"I take it to the maker in Cairo and he tells me the error."

Forthwith Captain Lyons interviewed the watchmaker and asked him how he checked the error of the watch.

"I get the correct time from the gun," said that simple craftsman. And thus time was told in Egypt.—*London Evening Standard*.

Made to Sell.—One of the reasons why it is expensive to live to-day is that people buy wholly unnecessary things. The fact is illustrated by a conversation which took place in a "novelty shop." A reporter went in to look round. A shiny object having attracted his attention, he inquired its use.

"Those are gilded pincers," said the clerk. "They are used to pick up letters you have put on the letter-scales."

"And that ivory stick, carved and forked at the end?"

"People use it to fish out things they have dropt into carafes."

"That square of morocco, about the size of a nut, what is that for?"

"It's a tampon, used to press down stamps after sticking them on envelopes."

"That shell roller?"

"To flatten out the corners of photographs."

"That ornamental box with a whole battery of tiny brushes?"

"They are used to clean other brushes; brushes to clean hair-brushes, brushes to clean tooth-brushes, brushes to clean nail-brushes, and so on."

"I see. And those Russia leather tubes?"

"Eye-protectors, to look at colored photograph projections in rooms adjoining lighted rooms."

"That little doll's funnel?"

"Oh, that is indispensable to pour perfumes into the vials in traveling-cases."

"And that jigamaree of complicated little silver sieves?"

"A novelty; it's a cleaner to take off spots of ink on lead pellets."

"Lead pellets?"

"Certainly; the shot you put into those little cups to stick pens in after using them."

"Are there many who use them?"

"No, but they are easy to sell."—*Figaro*.

A "Touching" Appeal.—WOULD wealthy Lady ADOPT Bachelor of ancient lineage, for extension of work, recently described by leading politician as "touching the future life of the State"? Many years' undeniable credentials.—Address Pro Bono Publico, 01247, *Morning Post* office, Strand, W.C.—Advertisement in the *London Morning Post*.



DON'T say, "I want Summer Underwear," but say, "Give me B.V.D." It's the best-known mark on the best-made and coolest Summer Underwear.

This Red Woven Label



must be on a garment, if it's a genuine B.V.D. We make no garments without it. Sold at shops that aim to give their customers quality, and underwear satisfaction. Accept only the B.V.D. red woven label on

Loose Fitting
Coat Cut Undershirts,
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Knee Length Drawers.

\$1.50, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

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SAVE 208 SHAVES

\$20.80 a year. Also save the razor, your face, time and temper by using "3 in One" on the blade.

3 in One

keeps the blade keen and clean, by preventing surface rusting which is caused by moisture from the lather. Write for free sample and special "razor saver" circular. Why not know the truth?

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Percolator
Urn Style



This Percolator
will make delicious
hot coffee from
Cold Water

In about the same
time that others take
with hot water.

It is a
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Circulating
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Made in both Urn and Coffee Pot Styles

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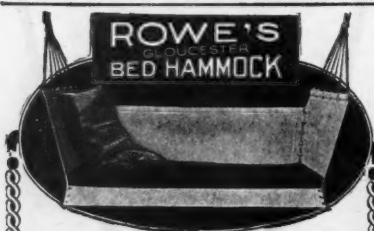
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His One Good Trait.—JONES—"Whenever I have to borrow money, I try to get it from a pessimist?"

BROWN—"Why?"

JONES—"A pessimist never expects to get it back."—*New Zealand Free Lance.*

Couldn't Fool Her.—LITTLE GIRL—"Look, auntie, there's a poor man with a wooden leg. Can't I give him a penny?"

AUNT—"Certainly not, dear. I have no doubt he's an impostor."—*Punch.*

Himknowledgey.—Stanley Jordan, the well-known Episcopal minister, having cause to be anxious about his son's college examinations, told him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following message: "Hymn 342, fifth verse, last two lines." Looking it up, the father found the words: "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."—*The Circle.*

A Warning.—Love's young dream appears to have met with an interruption somewhere, judging by the following pathetic warning ad. in the *Auckland Herald* of a recent date:—"O.D.—No; father's home.—V. R."—*New Zealand Free Lance.*

Spotted.—"The man who gives in when he is wrong is wise; the man who gives in when he is right is generally married."—*Life.*

His Money.—A poor Jew received a monthly allowance of five dollars from a rich man of the same faith. The money used to be paid to him regularly by the bookkeeper. On one occasion when the poor man came around the bookkeeper handed him only three dollars. The poor man remained standing quietly until the bookkeeper asked whether there was anything else he wished.

"You must have made a mistake," he said, "I always get five."

"Yes," replied the bookkeeper. "That has now been changed."

"Changed? Why?"

"You see, the boss recently married off his eldest daughter and he had a great deal of expense, as you may imagine—the dowry and so-forth, you can easily understand—"

"Yes, yes," grumbled the beggar. "Give your employer my best wishes, and tell him that if he ever marries off another daughter, he may do it with his own money, not with mine!"—*The Maccabean.*

Violating Professional Courtesy.—FIRST TRAMP—"What time is it?"

SECOND TRAMP—"Come off. I'm a thief myself."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A Connoisseur in Guile.—MR. BLINKS (in art museum)—"I didn't know you were such an admirer of curios, Mrs. Blunderby."

MRS. BLUNDERBY—"Oh, yes, indeed. I just delight in iniquities."—*Boston Transcript.*

Why The Horse-shoe?

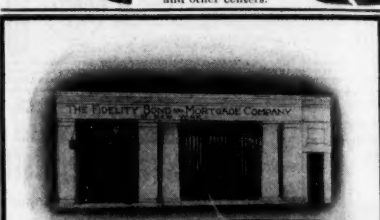


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And a Bargain at That.—A little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is ten cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'Darn' again."

"All right, mother," he said, as he took the money, "I promise."

As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said: "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The High-water Mark.—MRS. ROBINSON—"And were you up the Rhine?"

MRS. DE JONES (just returned from a Continental trip)—"I should think so; right to the very top. What a splendid view there is from the summit!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Specialization.—DOCTOR—"What can I do for you?"

PATIENT—"I have cut my index-finger."

DOCTOR—"Very sorry. But I am a specialist on the middle finger."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

April 23.—Ex-President Roosevelt delivers an address on "Citizenship" at the Sorbonne, Paris.

General Estenoz, leader of the negro party in Cuba, is arrested with thirty-three of his associates, being suspected of planning a rebellion.

The first European production of an American grand opera, Nevins' "Poia," is given in Berlin.

April 25.—The dirigible balloon *Zeppelin II*, is wrecked at Limburg, Germany.

The elections to the French Chamber of Deputies make practically no change in the present party representation.

April 26.—Björnsterne Björnson, the Norwegian author and statesman, dies in Paris.

April 27.—Louis Paulhan wins the \$50,000 prize for an aeroplane flight from London to Manchester, defeating the English aeronaut, Graham White.

The British House of Commons passes the Government's Finance Bill by a majority of 93.

April 28.—The British House of Lords passes the budget.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

April 25.—President Taft appoints Gov. Charles E. Hughes of New York to the Supreme Court to succeed the late Justice Brewer; the Governor accepts the appointment, to take effect October 10.

April 26.—The President appoints Gen. Nelson H. Henry Surveyor of the Port of New York to succeed James S. Clarkson.

The new building of the Bureau of American Republics is dedicated, addresses being made by President Taft, Secretary Knox, Senator Root, Andrew Carnegie, and the Mexican Ambassador.

April 28.—Prince Tsai Tao, of China, arrives in Washington and visits the President.

GENERAL

April 23.—A fire in Lake Charles, La., destroys property worth \$3,000,000.

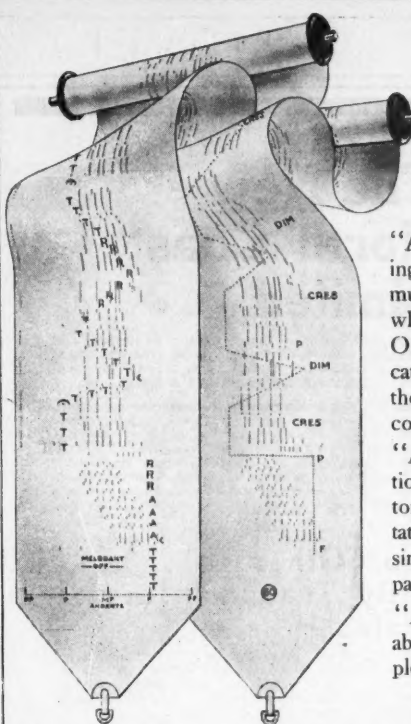
Crops in the West and South are badly damaged by snowstorms, with accompanying low temperature.

April 27.—Oscar Hammerstein announces his withdrawal from the grand-opera field.

April 28.—In the Thirty-seventh New York District, Ralph W. Thomas is elected to the State Senate to succeed Jotham P. Allis.

The Democratic State Convention nominates John W. Kern as United States Senator from Indiana.

Mayor Gaynor denounces William R. Hearst at a dinner in New York.



An "Artistyle" Music-Roll

Constant changes of time as well as of tone are indicated by the single broken zig-zag line. Soft when the line is at the left; loud when at the right, etc., with all volume changes between. When the line is made up of a series of T's, the music is in regular time; a series of R's means to retard; a series of A's, to accelerate. And yet, it always lends itself to the individual interpretation, as indicated by a slight pause; a sharp accent; a hold (stop).

The Ordinary Music-Roll

On this, changes of tone are indicated by the dotted line, and also by a series of letters—P, PP, MF, F, FF, MP, etc. Changes of time by a series of words—Retard, Accelerate, Tempo, Vivace, etc. and numerals. Yet, with all this complicated marking, the artistic interpretation is by no means so complete as on "Artistyle" Music-Rolls.

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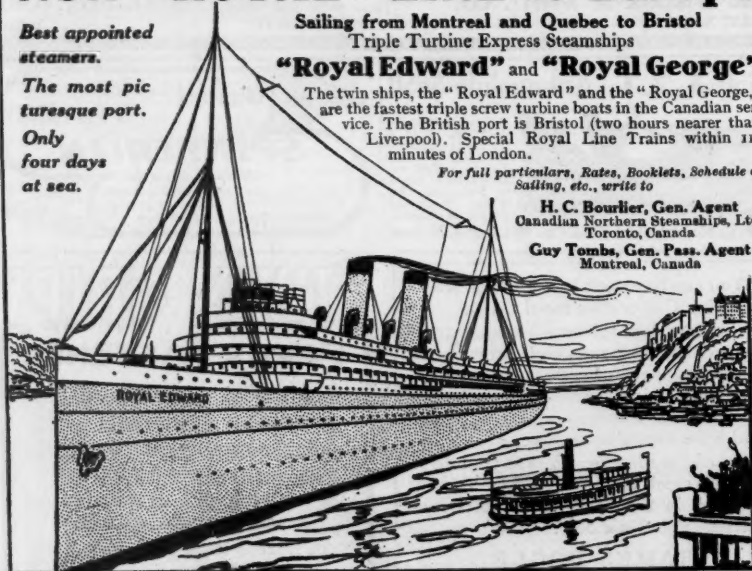
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Inquirers desiring prompt answers will be accommodated on prepaying postage.

"B." Kansas City, Kans.—"When should the period be used after Roman numerals, and when omitted, as in the sentence, 'James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England'?"

There is no definite rule to determine this matter, as it is largely a question of "style." Grammarians differ in their ideas as to the propriety of inserting the period and either view is supported by them. Maxwell's "School Grammar" states that "a period is often placed after Roman numerals used as ordinals," which would indicate the lack of a positive ruling. The STANDARD DICTIONARY, however, adheres to the practise of inserting the period.

"A. C." New York, N. Y.—"Which of the two following forms is correct, or are they both right: 'We wish you would give the package to whomever (or whoever) has the matter in charge'?"

Compound relative pronouns are declined in exactly the same manner as the simple relatives, and in the sentence referred to the objective form "whom-ever" should be employed, as the pronoun is the object of the preposition "to." "Whoever" is as distinctly nominative as "who," and consequently would not be correct in this instance.

"Subscriber," Jersey City, N. J.—"Kindly state whether the following sentence is grammatically correct: 'The goods that you wanted, and which you ordered, were sent yesterday.' Is not the expression 'and which' constructed faulty?"

The grammatical construction of this sentence is correct, altho the same relative pronoun should preferably be used in both clauses. The use of the comma after the word "wanted" renders the relation between the two relative clauses less evident, and it should be omitted. It will then be seen that "and" is a coordinate conjunction joining two elements of equal rank.

"M. A." Philadelphia, Pa.—"Please explain the use of the verb 'is' in the following sentence: 'The conditions in Philadelphia with which most of our trade is familiar, are serious.'"

The subject of the verb "is" in this sentence is the collective noun "trade," which may be considered either singular or plural according to the meaning to be conveyed. In this sentence the "trade" is viewed collectively as a whole, and the verb may therefore be in the singular number.

"A. W. R." Pittsburg, Pa.—"Which form of the verb is correct in this sentence: 'A new class of problems is (or are) introduced in the lesson'?"

The fact that the prepositional phrase "of problems" is introduced between the subject and the verb in this sentence, does not affect the agreement between the two, and, as the subject "class" is singular, the verb should also be singular.

"W. J. H." Swan Lake, Miss.—"Please state the correct pronunciation of the word 'speedometer.'"

This word is correctly pronounced speed-om' e-ter (e as in meet, o as in not).

Dictionary English.—A gentleman who has evidently abundant leisure has amused himself by skimming the English dictionary, and the harvest of obsolete and Latinized words which he gathered in an hour is as amazing as it is amusing. Writing upon a foggy day, he says that in the language of the lexicon "the sombrous and smoky atmosphere in which he is nubilated makes it immanely difficult for him to discover his ubiety. What can be more odible," he goes on, "than the sight of a lass-lorn nome endeavoring to impinguate a waped kitling, unless while meandering in paludal places one chances upon the spectacle of a nullifidian nubbling tutanag from the person of a tozy jobbernowl." This is good dictionary English, but it is not "United States."—*The Christian Register.*

